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A HUSBAND'S CROWN

CHAPTER I.

Successful folly passes for wisdom, and unsuccessful wisdom is regarded as folly.

"Lawrence, I want to have a chat with you about the future. It is time you thought of settling down in sober earnest. Get married, you understand. Come to the front, and all that, you understand."

Old Mr. Davenport had his back to the open five-place, as he spoke, and young Mr. Davenport had his face to the window as he listened. Old Mr. Davenport stood with his legs rather wide apart, his hands clasped behind him, and his coat-tails peeping forth aggressively in front. They seemed to say, "Come, sir, don't you pay with us. Broadcloth of our quality is not to be trifled with."

Furthermore, old Mr. Davenport, being a big, stout man, with an aldermanic corporation, looked important, and he also felt important; and, what was of greater consequence than either, he was important. For when a man is several times a millionaire—when the vast commercial structure he has reared gives employment to hundreds of clerks and travellers; when thousands of workmen depend upon him for bread; when his name is quoted half over the civilized globe as a brilliant example of what may be accomplished by ability, and perseverance, and industry; when dull boyhood or easy-going adolescence is continually being urged to look up to him, to imitate him, to admire him, not to say, worship and fall down before him as a high priest in the temple of Mammon—why, such a man would not be justified in considering himself a worm.

"Well, Lawrence, when you have drummed an idea out of that pane of glass perhaps you will let us have it in the form of a comment upon my observation."

Young Mr. Davenport turned and faced his father. The only similarity between them was in height—they both boasted close upon six feet in their stockings. Lawrence had curly auburn hair, and fine expressive blue eyes. The old gentleman's eyes were far lighter in shade and rather too prominent, while the hair on his head consisted of one thick gray tuft, standing bolt upright and tapering to a point like a pyramid. Lawrence wore a well-trained mustache and small whiskers. Davenport senior was cleanly shaved, if we except the little patch of white beard which he permitted to thrive, as a favor, upon the richness of his double chin.

"Of course I shall get married some day, father. There is no particular occasion for hurry that I can see," remarked Lawrence, buckling to the conversation with evident reluctance.

"Then I must lend you my spectacles to increase the capacity of your vision. You cannot endeavor to see with my eyes if your own are too weak-sighted. You will be six-and-twenty next birthday, you understand."

"Dear me! so I shall. If I live long enough I shall become a Methuselah."

"Don't be frivolous, Lawrence. The subject we are discussing is serious. Please consider it in that light."

"All right, father. Go ahead."

"Go ahead, sir! Is that the way to address me? What do you mean by 'Go ahead,' sir?"

"Nautical expression, father. Learnt it on board Barry's yacht. It signifies 'proceed.'"

"We are not on board Barry's yacht now, sir; nor am I Barry's engineer. I am your father."

Lawrence bowed.

"What on earth do you think I had a son born for?" inquired Mr. Davenport, as though he were referring to an order expressly executed by Providence.

"Impossible to guess," replied Lawrence, gravely. "No doubt for inscrutable reasons known only to yourself."

The father's face relaxed into a smile. "You are incorrigible, Lawrence. You will have your joke; but you know what I mean. I do not pretend that I governed the laws of nature to my own ends—I simply foresaw what would probably occur. I married when I was forty, in hopes of becoming the head of a family. My expectations are a measure, justified. I have children."

"Only two," said Lawrence, drily.

"A son and a daughter. Quite enough for my purpose, sir, you understand," said Mr. Davenport, with a resolute tug at the tuft upon his double-chin.

"Edith and I are fortunate," remarked Lawrence, with meekness.

"You are. Remarkably, wonderfully fortunate. Many children come into the world without money, without position, without an able, experienced guide to shape their future course. Both of you, however, possess almost every advantage, natural and artificial. All that requires to be done is to use them wisely, to increase and establish them upon a sound basis which cannot crumble away. We are going to effect this by carefully-planned marriages."

"Are we?" said Lawrence, feebly.

"Yes; that is what we intend to do," said the old gentleman with decision. After a pause he continued:

"I might have made you a man of business—a money grubber, such as I have been myself; but I have not. My ambition was to have my son a gentleman, and the founder of a race of gentlemen. That is all I expect, all I ask of you, excepting that you shall enter into the political arena at an early opportunity, and employ the energies of your mature manhood in that direction. But first you must marry; and you must marry blood."

"Father, you appal me—the vital fluid spoken of as a spouse! What a dreadful metaphor!"

"Tut, tut, boy—enough of that nonsense! You cannot turn the conversation by such means. I am coming to the point, and you know what that is."

"O! yes. We have been up to it before, and back again."

"We shall stick to it this time, Lawrence; we shall, indeed!"

"You mean it will stick to us—it will run us through—it will impale us like butterflies upon a pin."

"Be quiet, sir. Answer me this question. How is it you have not yet asked Miss Van Blarcum to be your wife?"

"Ah! that is the point. I felt it coming; I begin to wriggle."

"For Heaven's sake leave this foolery, Lawrence. A little of it is all very well; but too much is exasperating. How is it, I repeat, that you have deferred doing what was almost an understood thing between us?"

"I am not aware of any understanding; if there was, it was all on your own side. I promised to think over your suggestions on the subject—nothing more."

"Think over! Think over be—be—be hanged, sir! I have heard nothing but 'think over' for the last six months. You know the desire of my heart is that you should marry into the family of the Van Blarcums. Why won't you do it? There is a handsome girl ready for you, and no obstacles on any side, barring your stupid, silly shyness, unreasonable dissatisfaction."

"There are one or two other little objections, father—mere bagatelles in your eyes; but still they have their weight."

"What are they? Come now, what are they?"

"In the first place I do not like Miss Van Blarcum sufficiently well, and I am virtuously diffident of telling her I do."

"Yes; anything else?"

"I think if hard lines that a man cannot be allowed to choose the wife of his own bosom."

"Continue, sir."

"I believe that affection—a sentiment known by the old-fashioned name of love—should be the chief if not the only incentive to wedded life. That sentiment I do not cherish for Miss Van Blarcum. Consequently, if I married her I should be doing both her and myself an intense injustice."

"Go on, gander. Cackle away."

The "gander" did not immediately avail himself of this permission. He drew a step nearer his father, folded his arms quietly with an air of settled determination, and gazed curiously at this stout, strong-willed, domineering man who had had his own way in the world with such splendid success for so many years.

"I wonder how he will take it?" thought Lawrence. Then aloud, in a tone from which all levity had departed—"Father, there is yet one other reason with which I must trouble you, and then I hope you will release me from a conference which, truth to tell, is very painful to me. It is utterly impossible that I can conform to your wishes respecting Miss Van Blarcum, because I am going to marry somebody else."

The hand of Mr. Davenport was suddenly arrested as it was travelling towards his double-chin.

"What do you say?" he demanded.

Very firmly and distinctly Lawrence repeated the words—

"I am going to marry somebody else."

Mr. Davenport's hand slowly resumed its journey to the white tuft, which he turned upwards and nibbed at the extremity.

"If you do not consider it mere impertinent curiosity on my part," he said, in a voice of suppressed passion, "I should like to know the name of my future daughter-in-law."

"I have been longing for an occasion to tell you, father, but I was really nervous of doing so in the face of the widely different plans you have formed. In no other matter would I oppose you. I will enter with ardor into a political career, and strive to make you justly proud of the name I bear. But on the one question of marriage I will decide for myself—I have already decided, in fact. And I now crave your kind permission to introduce Miss Katherine Searle to this house as my *fiancee*."

"Lawrence, you are mad! Why I never heard of the girl. She is a perfect stranger. What the mischief is she?"

"Kate is an orphan, sir. She has four fatherless and motherless brothers and sisters, and she supports and educates them all by the labor of her hands."

"Charwoman, I suppose?" said Mr. Davenport, with a bitter sneer.

"Not professionally, sir. Although I believe she is well acquainted with most of the duties incident to domestic life."

Lawrence's self-control was admirable. The serenity of his manner was complete. Not a glance nor a movement betrayed whether he had felt the stab of his father's insult.

"Housemaid, then—or workgirl, perhaps?" suggested Mr. Davenport, with increased venom.

"'Workgirl' is correct, sir. Miss Searle is an artist—draws upon wood for the magazines. She is one of the very few ladies whose abilities in this respect are now what in demand. She gains an excellent livelihood, compared with many."

The old gentleman paced the room several times without speaking. He was apparently engaged in swallowing something that would not go down easily. If the truth must be told, it was a great strong, wicked word that stuck obstinately in his throat, and was only forced back after a struggle. Presently he said—

"Boy, you are not going to make an ass of yourself; I shan't let you. We'll do some kindness for this girl of yours. We'll make her comfortable and independent. But marriage! Lawrence, don't be absurd."

"The absurdity would lie in my not marrying the woman I most dearly love, and who as fondly loves me. I am rich. Fame and name, if ever I reach them, must be the result of personal energy—personal work. Come, father, be reasonable. I have acted honorably towards you by contracting no union in secret. I ask for your consent. Let me tell you all about my Kate, and the little history of our acquaintance. Agree to see her, and judge for yourself whether my choice is not a wise one, from a more happy if not from such an ambitious point of view as your own."

"Stop a moment. Not so fast, young gentleman—not so fast. I think I heard you say just now that you were rich?"

"Well, you are; so it comes to the same thing."

"Oh! does it? That is a doctrine of which you would discover the fallacy if Miss Searle were to become Mrs. Davenport."

"You mean you would deprive me of my allowance?"

"Exactly—of every penny. I should also name you in my will against the sum of one dollar."

"You would be doing me and mine a terrible wrong."

"*You* and *yours*; you insolent puppy! And what about *me* and *mine*? Am I to be set in a corner by my own child? Am I to be shifted out of the way as a poor old doting idiot, whose opinions, hopes, and desires are matters of perfect indifference? I'll have you bear in mind that I am the master of the situation, that your prosperity, your luxury, and your position have been created by me, sir! By me, you understand—by *me*! And that you, of yourself, are a nobody, a nothing, a vacuum."

"Be calm, father; be calm."

"I am calm," cried the enraged Merchant, in a voice of thunder, raising his arm above his head as a demon-tration of tranquility. "So calm, sir, that if you dare make a low, ignoble match in defiance of my authority, I shall calmly refuse to support you, sir. I shall calmly cut you off, sir. I shall calmly disown you, sir."

For the first time Lawrence's face grew a shade paler. He had expected opposition, but not so fierce as this.

Give a little while to consider what you have said," he remarked, after a pause. "Reflection will be better both for you and me."

"It will for you, depend on it. As for me, I never swerve from my resolves. If you value my favor, or fear my disfavor, you will break off your connection with this girl, so far as any idea of legitimate marriage is concerned, at any rate. You can go now, sir, and chew the cud of common-sense."

Mr. Davenport dismissed his son with a haughty wave of his hand, and Lawrence went out from his father's presence heavy at heart.

CHAPTER II.

Luck without labor is like honey without bread.

Look at this picture. Simple it may be, but not without charm. Seated at a table before an open window, giving upon one of the many pretty views obtainable from the noble heights of the Hudson in the neighborhood of Tarrytown, a girl is carefully playfully plying her pencil upon the smooth, whitened surface of a piece of boxwood. A "block" it is called, technically, and by-and-bye it will pass into the hands of the engraver.

We may observe Miss Searle in profile as she adds a few fine touches calculated to intensify the pathetic attitude of the injured nobleman. She has a wealth of golden-brown hair, arranged upon her head in graceful coils of rich plaits. Her forehead is broad and white, but not high—rather full over the brows, then a slight inward curve, followed immediately by a very gentle outward swell, forming what the phrenologist would describe as the "organ of causality." For the rest, her nose is straight and delicately formed; her lips curiously indicate both tenderness and firmness blended into one sweet expression; her chin is small and dimpled; her cheek fresh and rosy as that of a child. As she raises and turns her face we notice that her large eyes are very dark, and for a moment we think them black. But, no; the light shines full upon them now. They are gray—a deep bluish shade of gray, and the soul of their owner seems to dwell just behind them, and to look out of them perpetually.

"Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair. Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks."

The apartment has another window at the opposite end. Here two little girls are resting their elbows upon a chestable as they struggle with the intricacies of a French grammar which they share between them. These are Miss Searle's sisters, of whom Maud, aged nine, is the elder; and Alice, aged seven, is the younger.

The children's attention wanders frequently from their book to various exciting incidents occurring outside.

"You will never finish your lessons by teatime if you continue chattering like that," said Miss Searle, at length.

"Oh I know mine, Kate dear. I have been all through this book before, you know," replied Maud, loftily.

"Yes; but Alice has not. Besides even you will lose nothing by going over the same ground again."

"I wish there were no such things as adjectives," pouted Alice.

"Then you could not possibly be a *good* girl," laughed Kate.

"Oh! *one* adjectives are all right; anybody can understand them," explained the juvenile student. "When we say a thing is fine or handsome, it is fine or handsome, and there's an end of it. But French people are never done with a word. They say *un bel homme, mal beau chat, deux beaux animaux, and belle fleur, trois belles fleurs*, and I don't know what. It makes my head ache to think of it."

"Here comes Mr. Davenport!" cried Maud, who was looking from the window. "Oh! I am jolly glad."

And as the little maiden waltzed round the room, clapping her hands, there are no reasonable grounds for doubting her word.

A flush mounted to Kate's forehead and the pencil slipped from her fingers, making an unnecessary addition to the aristocratic nose of the subject of her labor.

"Do not tear about in that way, Maud. Are you sure it was Mr. Davenport?"

"Sure and positive. Shall I run and open the door for him?"

"You know Mrs. Burton does not like anyone to answer the door but herself. I do not see why we should offend against her peculiarity."

Mrs. Burton was Miss Searle's housekeeper. The good woman had formerly been her nurse, and had held all the children in her arms as babies. Four years ago, when Mr. Searle lay dying, he had said to her, "Mrs. Burton, do not leave my poor motherless boys and girls. They have no near relations in the world. If you remain with them, Katherine's talent and the little provision I have been able to make will keep the home together in tolerable comfort. The future is in the hands of God; but promise me this."

And Mrs. Burton did promise, as she dried her tears with the corner of her apron and resolved to keep her word sacred.

Mr. Searle had been an artist of some reputation, and Katherine, inheriting his gifts, had studied hard under his instruction. When the father died, sympathetic publishers were inclined to give his fair young daughter a chance, and in course of time work began to flow in regularly upon her—remunerative work, that enabled her to send her two brothers, Arthur and Willie, to an excellent school in the country, and to cherish the prospect of soon having a daily governess for Maud and Alice.

Mrs. Burton took all, or nearly all, the domestic cares from her shoulders, so that Kate was free to devote herself to her work and the preparatory education of her sisters. This is a rapid outline of the position occupied by the "workgirl," whose age next birthday would be twenty-two years.

It is only natural under the circumstances that Mrs. Burton should, to use her own homely phrase, "take a great deal upon herself." Among other things, she generally made it a point to open the front door, and he would have been a daring tramp, a sturdy beggar, or a stranger of unusual nerve, who braved the big, bony housekeeper's refusal to admit him, or resisted the determined shutting of the door in his face. Such attempts had been essayed, and failed ignominiously. Once an evil-eyed individual succeeded in getting over the threshhold on pretence that he was desperate with hunger and would have bread.

"Perhaps this umbrella will do as well," said Mrs. Burton, as she seized one from the stand, and so belabored the evil-eyed creature that he was glad to retreat precipitately down the steps, carrying away as many bumps and bruises as he could possibly collect in the space of half a minute.

Upon another occasion a rascal snuck his foot obstinately in the entrance and insisted on pouring forth his tale descriptive of a wife and fourteen children (mythical) to the very end. By-and-bye he wanted to withdraw that foot; but Mrs. Burton, exerting her Samson-like strength, jammed the door so forcibly against it that the limb was held as in a vice. Oaths, and struggles, and shouts of pain had no effect in softening the heart of Mrs. Burton, and not until the man had succeeded in releasing his foot, minus his boot, and was hobbling off with many groans, did the belligerent lady relax her efforts, fling the boot after him, and inquire whether he would like to try the other leg. But there were a few people to whom Mrs. Burton would not open the door wide enough, and Lawrence Davenport was one of these.

"And I should rather think so," she would have told you. "Didn't that very gentlemen, whose countenance was that frank and honest as did your eyes good to look upon in this wicked, deceitful world—didn't he save my darling from a shocking accident, and very likely even from death? Oh! well, if you wish to know all about it, I don't mind telling you. Not that I'm anywayes given to gossip, which my late husband couldn't a-bear, and says to me, 'Jane,' he says, 'you've got your faults, like the rest of us, but your tongue isn't that long as there's no knowing where it begins and where it ends. You have your say and a-done with it.' That's a tribbit of respects which every man can't truthfully pay to his wife, I can assure you. Now, it is about six months ago that Miss Searle—Miss Kate, as I call her—went to New York with some of those bits of wood she draws on, and prettier pictures than she can make you won't find anywhere, as I'll prove to you, for I've got all the magazines downstairs, wrapped up in two sheets of brown paper to keep the dust from 'em. Well, Miss Kate finished her business and was going to the depot, when stepping off a car her dress caught and she fell in the crowded street. My poor dear would have been hurt and crushed, and perhaps killed, if it had not been for Mr. Davenport's presense of mind, who, quick as a flash, pulled her out of the way. Of course Miss Kate was very faint and frightened, and Mr. Davenport got her a glass of wine, which she drank, which was wise of her, because a little stimulant is the best thing possible to steady the nerves after a shock.

Miss Kate gave him permission to call, and of course he came. That was the first we ever saw of Mr. Davenport, but it wasn't the last by no means. He is the most open, friendly gentleman I ever clapped eyes on, bar my poor dead master, and the likes of him I don't expect to see again out of Heaven. And the interest Mr. Davenport takes in the children, too. Lord! you would think he was their own grandfather to hear him talk. When Master Arthur and Master Willie came home last time for the holidays, he promised them both the choice of a profession when they should be old enough. And as for Miss Kate—well, I don't like to chatter about young people's secrets—but if he ain't right down deep in love with her, strong and earnest, I haven't lived in the world with my eyes open for over fifty years!"

Mrs. Burton was not long in showing Lawrence into the sittingroom, where he was immediately pounced upon by Maud and Alice, each of them possessing herself of an arm, and hailing his appearance with little shouts of demonstrative pleasure.

"They have lain in wait for me. They have taken me captive," he said, apologetically to Kate. "I cannot even offer you my hand. There! Now I can. Maud has generously released me without ransom."

"If you did not encourage the children to romp openly and in secret, I should feel quite ashamed of them," replied Kate, as she rose to greet him.

"Maud and Alice are charming little girls who always do exactly what I ask them. For instance, they are going into the garden now for half an hour's play, and presently I shall come out and give them a swing."

"You won't be long though, will you?" asked Alice.

"Not very. Only you must be quite good, and wait until I am ready."

As the door closed behind the two sisters Lawrence wound his arm tenderly round Kate, and drew her to his side.

"My dear one," he said—"my beautiful, brave little Kate—my queen of womanhood! I have failed."

He felt her tremble within his clasp.

"Failed," he continued, "as I feared I should fail, having my father's stern, ambitious character so well. He forgets that I am a man with a will and a determination fully as strong as his own, and he insists upon disposing of me according to his preconceived ideas. He wants to invest me as capital—to make a bargain over me like stock-in-trade—to turn me over at a profit, as it were. In a word, he utterly refuses to sanction our engagement or any engagement upon my part, but the one he has himself proposed for me. The result of all this is that the husband you have promised to accept will be a poor man."

"Oh! Lawrence, have you quarrelled with your father, and about me?"

"I would quarrel with fifty fathers, kings, emperors, or potentates if they dared to threaten me with penalties for holding my love sacred before and in the eyes of all the world—if they dared to suggest base schemes, iniquitous and contemptible, which it would shame their gray hairs to insinuate. Kate! there is a grave that wealth and power are indeed of the earth, and have an offensive and earthy savour. Our love, Kate, is that splendid gift of Heaven, which being once tasted all other things are valueless in comparison. I do not believe I could exist without you. If so, it would be a wretched, miserable existence—a dull, lightless, hopeless being—which I shrink even from contemplating. Has my father accumulated his millions to build a wall of gold between us? Fruitless labor! Like the Tower of Babel, raised by impious hands, it will topple about his ears in ruin. Kate, you will trust me, will you not, as much in poverty as in riches?"

"Trust you! Oh! Lawrence, more—even more! But it seems so dreadful that I—I, who love you with my whole heart—should bring this trouble upon you."

"Joy, Kate—joy mutterable is what you bring me! Those words of yours alone are priceless. I expected them from you, but they are delicious to hear. When you are all mine I shall have a treasure of which I am indeed unworthy, but which I will strive to merit by every act of my life. My darling, I am resolved to be no long'r a drone within this mighty hive—no longer a slave of idleness and a child of pleasure. Who am I that the brier and the bramble must be cleared out of my path! Have I not hands and head capable of enduring toil like another's? Am I to sit down helplessly, and groan, and whimper like a child, because the mountain that lies before me is work? No, I will work—patiently, perseveringly. And with you by my side to love, counsel, and cheer me I shall succeed. I shall vanquish every difficulty."

"Dearest Lawrence!"

"I have some half-formed plans for the future which you shall know very shortly. Already, relying firmly upon your affection, which I felt could never fail me, I have taken some decisive steps in preparing the road we shall travel together. Poor I may be, but not penniless. I have a cash balance of ten thousand dollars unspent; I have disposed of my horses for five thousand dollars more; and I have many valuables, entirely useless to me in my new career, that will realize at least another eight thousand dollars. Altogether, I hope to begin life with a fair round sum—and you! Believe me, I should be a fool to envy the richest man in America."

"But, oh! Lawrence, I cannot forget how much ease, and luxury, and refinement you will forego upon my account. You would have all the bright pleasures you have been accustomed to."

"And gain all those far brighter ones for which my soul yearns, beloved. As to the ease and luxury you mention, what are they? I begin to sicken at and despise them. Henceforward they shall be no food to me. Were I to succeed to-morrow to my father's heaped up wealth I would never again sink back into the state from which I am emancipated. Yes—emancipated, Kate; and by you, who first taught me that the grand secret of happiness is labor wisely and faithfully directed to noble ends. Dearest, seeing that I honor and love you above every woman I have ever known or ever shall know, dy you still consent to be my wife—my own cherished wife?"

She looked into his earnest, pleading face, and although her eyes were clouded with tears, her whispered reply carried no hesitation—

"Yes, Lawrence; I do."

And Cupid confirmed that compact with a kiss, upon which he stamped the seal of truth.

CHAPTER III.

The highest ability of the wicked is to make a science of sin and a fine art of evil.

Chaucer says, in the prologue of "The Pardoner:—

"Therefore, my teem is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas."

But that was an apothegm which would have met with a derisive sneer from Mr. Gerald Van Blarcom. He would have advised you to eschew such abstract generalities, and cultivate a more practical, though limited philosophy.

He would have directed you to "Search the Scriptures," and engrave upon your heart the wisest words ever uttered (according to him) by the wisest man who ever lived (according to you), "Money is a defence."

In short, Mr. Van Blarcom was greedy and ambitious of wealth, and being naturally mean and narrow-minded, and scheming and unscrupulous, he was eminently fitted to attain it, and to keep it when attained.

Pity it is, but nevertheless true, that he came of an ancient and honorable stock, whose history during the past was associated with many of those brave, generous deeds which in all times have made, and still will make, humanity admirable, in spite of its countless imperfections.

Mr. Van Blarcom was the last of his race if he should not marry, and nature continue it through him. And he had reached the age of forty and was still a bachelor. He meant to marry an heiress. What he was on the look-out for was a daughter of the people, by an alliance with whom he might become possessed of additional millions; and after years of patient watching he thought he had at last discovered his Eldorado in Edith Davenport.

Edith was a dark-eyed, dark-haired, timid little woman, who took after her timid little mother long since dead and gone—inglorious into her grave, as some said, by the great, stern, overbearing man under whose authority she had seemed to move, breathe, and have her being. Edith could no more resist the determined will of her father than a nervous child could defy that of a policeman.

When he first asked her to accept Mr. Van Blarcom as her husband she did make an attempt to assert some degree of independence. Mr. Van Blarcom was twenty years older than herself, she urged. She did not like him, even a little bit—in fact she detested him, and she would not marry him—there! Then Mr. Davenport uttered a fierce command, and poor Edith turned pale, shrank within herself—"caved in," and obeyed.

Very manly and magnanimous it was truly of big Mr. Davenport to crush so fair a flower under the cruel weight of his obstinacy, and that flower the sweetest in his own small garden. However, it was an achievement of which he was proud, because it was another proof of the success with which he "invariably" moulded people to his own ideas." That was his expression.

Mr. Van Blarcom had the exquisite pleasure of clasping a small hand as cold as ice and gazing upon a woe-stricken face in the moment when Edith promised to become his wife.

Woe—ay! it was woe to her; for within her heart another name was written that never would be effaced—another image was set up that would never be overthrown.

These shy, gentle girls can sometimes love with a fervor superior even to that of bolder natures; and Edith did so love. She loved Reginald Gwynne.

That gentleman was a young lieutenant in the Regular Army, three years older than Edith, who had just reached her twentieth birthday. He was a chosen friend of Lawrence, and consequently a very frequent visitor at both the New York and country establishments of Davenport senior.

The story of their affection is the story of many that have too often ended in broken hearts or blighted lives. A fond, tearful love, that dared not show itself but in secret, lest hard mercenary eyes should detect it, and merciless hands tear its tender bud to pieces in savage rage.

Let us watch this unhappy pair as they bid what they believe to be a final adieu to all the brightest dreams they had ever cherished.

"Do not blame or despise me," said Edith, imploringly. "I could not help it. I could not fight against my father. The struggle would kill me. Not that I fear death. I dread it far less than this hateful union with Mr. Van Blarcom. But I have not the force. Papa is so strong—so terrible—and I am miserably weak. I am like water in his hands. I can no more act against his wishes than a brook can defy an overwhelming torrent."

The lips of the young soldier were compressed; his frank, blue eyes dimmed; his broad chest heaved with emotions he could not control, and for a while his words were stifled in his throat.

Reginald Gwynne was formed of noble stuff. He would have maintained his ground on the sharpest head of resistance with steady nerve and unfaltering resolution. Defeat would have been to him like victory without the laurels. But who can stand before the shattered ruin of the fairest hope that life can hold, and remain unmoved? It was only by sheer effort that he kept back the burning tears he could have wept in the anguish of his heart.

"I am justly punished," he said, presently, "for my ignoble want of courage which has enabled a heavier grief on you even than upon myself. For I, at least, am free to bear my wretchedness alone and unsustained; but you—oh, my poor girl!—you will have to endure yours yet with a bitter chain, which is slavery indeed. Why did I not go to your father, and plead your cause and mine? At least he would have heard me. My burning words might have moved him. He might have bid us hope, even while commanding us to wait. Fool that I was to be awe-stricken by the golden mantle that envelopes only a mere man like myself."

"No, Reginald, not like you. He is far, far otherwise. The sun is not more widely separated from the earth than is your character from his. All his motives are pecuniary calculations. His purposes are as immovable as a rock. By principles as hard and unbending as adamant he has cut his way upwards through tremendous difficulties from obscurity to all the fame which great wealth, won by enterprise, can confer. His designs are yet far from accomplished. You and

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 16, 1888.

THE chairman of the National Committee of Union Labor Party has issued a call for a National Convention to be held at Cincinnatti on Tuesday, May 15, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President. Henry George will not, of course, attend the convention owing to the late unpleasantness between him and his former friend Dr. McGlynn, but the Dr. will be on hand and will be the central figure in its proceedings.

THE annual report of the Superintendent of the Soldier's Orphan Schools is printed in the current number of the Pennsylvania *School Journal*. It gives a history of the schools and their present condition. The Mount Joy school now has 253 children and has had under its care from the beginning a total of 1,482. The number of institutions in which soldier's orphans are now maintained is 17; the number of such orphans in schools and homes on May 31, 1887, was 2,774; the number admitted since the schools went into operation is 14,810; the cost of the system for the present year was, in round numbers, $329,000, and the entire cost of the system thus far eight million seven hundred thousand dollars.

NO newspaper has hit Ingalls, the Kansas hyena, who disgraces a seat in the Senate at Washington, a harder or more deserving blow than the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, a journal of independent proclivities. In a leading editorial that paper reflects the sentiments of the decent members of all parties, when it impales Ingalls for his recent cowardly performances in the Senate as follows:

"Senator Ingalls for his gross, indecent insult to the President and his foul libel upon the memory of McClellan and Hancock should not only have the door of the White House shut against him, but the door of every other house in which an honest, self-respecting American lives. Such fellows of the baser sort should be permitted to herd only with their kind and not be permitted where gentlemen do congregate."

TAMMANY HALL and the county Democracy of New York City will go to the National Democratic Convention, at St. Louis, in a style eclipsing any previous trip. Although the convention will not take place for three months, several of the district associations and committees are already at work. There will be sent from both of the great Democratic bodies between 3,000 and 4,000 men. These, together with the many Democratic clubs which have determined to attend the convention independently of the regular organizations, and the Irving Hall delegation, will increase the number of New York City Democrats who will attend the convention to over 5,000 men. The Tammany Hall men and the counties will go in seperate trains and will be accompanied by bands and banners.

THERE is a wide difference between the tariff bill which has been submitted by Mr. Randall and the bill prepared by a majority of the committee of Ways and Means. The Randall plan proposes to take $70,000,000 off the $120,000,000 of internal taxes, while the bill of the committee takes off only $30,000,000. The latter bill, on the other hand, takes off $52,000,000 from the $217,000,000 custom house taxes while Randall's bill takes off only $25,000,000. The Randall bill abolishes the tobacco tax entirely, reduces the whiskey tax from 90 cents a gallon to 50 cents, and does away with all taxes on spirits made from fruit or used in the arts and manufactures. Congress will never consent to reduce the tax on whiskey and that is the rock against which Mr. Randall's tariff boat will be dashed to pieces.

HENRY BERG, the well-known friend of dumb animals, died unexpectedly in the city of New York, where he was born sixty-five years ago, on Monday last. In 1863, and for some time subsequently, he held the position of Secretary of Legislation at St. Petersburg, and on his return to this country in 1866 he organized the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals in connection with which his name has since become so well-known, and to the success of which he devoted not only a very considerable private fortune, but all his time and talent. He was an enthusiast on the subject of protecting animals from man's cruelty, and he lived long enough to know that his efforts on behalf of the dumb brute had been crowned with so much success. He was a pioneer in a humane cause and has left a legacy behind him of which any man might well feel proud.

THE report of the special committee of the New York Legislature into trusts leaves little to be sought for as to the character of the Standard Oil Company. It is defined as a "type of a system which has spread like a disease through the commercial system of the country," that it has enriched the holders out of all proportion, by controlling production, prices and the operation of the market. It was shown that "the actual value of the property in the Trust control at the present time is not less than $148,000,000. This sum in the hands of energetic, intelligent, and aggressive (and the trustees themselves, as has been said, own a majority of the stock of the Trust, which absolutely controls the $148,000,000), is one of the most active and possibly the most formidable moneyed power on this continent. When it is remembered that all this is the growth of twenty years, that this property has more than doubled in value in six years, and that with this increase the Trust has made aggregate dividends during that period of over fifty millions of dollars, the people may well look with apprehension on such a rapid development and centralization of wealth wholly independent of legal control, and anxiously seek out means to modify if not prevent the natural consequences of the device producing it."

NEVER since the close of the civil war has such a coarse and brutal speech been delivered in the Senate of the United States, as that of John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, on last Tuesday week, on the Dependent Pension bill, in which he traduced the President, aspersed the patriotism of McClellan, Hancock and Greeley, and vilified the Southern people in unstinted terms. As soon as he took his seat his blackguard harangue was promptly and eloquently replied to by Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, whose remarks will be found elsewhere in our paper. McClellan was the hero of Antietam where he defeated Lee,s army and drove it back across the Potomac into Virginia, for which Congress by a unanimous vote tendered him the thanks of the American people. Hancock was the Marshal Ney of the Army of the Potomac and at Gettysburg covered himself with imperishable glory. Horace Greely was not a soldier, but no man until Ingalls undertook the dirty job ever questioned his love of country or the sincerity of his motives. The spectacle of the lean, lank and Cassius-like Ingalls, himself a true Ishmaelite, standing up in the Senate and defaming such war heroes as McClellan and Hancock, and such a civilian as Greely, is enough "to stir a fever in the blood of age" and cause the very pillars of the Capitol to cry "Shame!" The man, or rather the thing in the shape of a man, with a malovolent heart and a venemous tongue, who can thus deliberately crawl in the dirt, puts himself outside of the pale of decent society and shows that his normal ins incts fit him for treason, stratagems and spoils. His vulgar attack upon the President will not harm that gentleman. On more than one occasion Ingalls, as President *pro tem* of the Senate, has sat at Mr. Cleveland's tab'e in the White House. Of course he will never be invited to go there again, and if he has cheek enough hereafter to enter its doors unbidden, we trust he will be incontinently ejected, even if it requires the vigorous application of the toe of a heavy Presidential boot to effect that purpose.

THE Republican newspapers are still wrestling with the puzzle, "who can carry New York against Cleveland?" Although Conkling has distinctly declared that he is out of active politics and would not accept the nomination, a friend of that gentleman living in Buffalo, addressed a letter to him last week asking him to take a second sober thought over the matter and permit his name to be used at the Chicago convention. In his reply Mr. Conkling repeats his former declination in mild, but most emphatic terms. The man who believes that either Blaine or Conkling could carry New York is simply a political lunatic. It was Conkling's personal following that defeated Blaine in that State in 1884, and as the ancient feud between the Conkling and the Blaine men still exists, it would do so again if Blaine was a candidate. Does any sane man believe, on the other hand, that if Conkling should be nominated Blaine's ardent followers in the Empire State would not slaughter him as thoroughly as Blaine's followers slaughtered Conkling's friend Judge Folger, when he was the Republican candidate for Governor of New York in 1882 against Grover Cleveland? If there is a Republican in this country who could possibly command the vote of the State of New York against Cleveland, which we do not for one moment admit, he must be a man who has never been identified with either the Blaine or Conkling factions in that State. John Sherman is confessedly not such a man because it was his action, as Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, that drove Conkling out of the United States Senate by his removal of Chester A. Arthur, who was Conkling's close friend from the collectorship of the Port of New York. Young chickens will always come home to roost and that is the philosophic reason why neither Blaine nor Conkling would stand the ghost of a chance of receiving the electoral vote of New York over Cleveland.

"BOB" GARDNER, as he was familiarly called, who was a passenger locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Harrisburg and Altoona, proved himself to be a true hero on last Monday morning while at his post of duty, and in doing so sacrificed his own life. About 3 o'clock on that morning an east bound freight train from Altoona was derailed by a broken axel at Nigger's Gap, two miles east of Huntingdon and the cars scattered promiscuously on both the east and west bound tracks. The front portion of the train, however, was not derailed and the engineer, on account of the severe storm then prevailing, not knowing what had occurred, did not stop his engine but continued going east. The second section of the Express train coming west drawn by Gardner's engine was then about due at that point and passed the freight engine at the rate of 45 miles an hour. In a few moments afterwards it dashed into the wrecked portion of the freight train which lay on the west-bound portion of the track. Gardner, the heroic engineer of the express, saw the obstruction when approaching it, reversed his engine and gave the danger signal, but was unable to stop the train. He remained at his post, however, and after the terrible collision he was found amidst the debris of his engine clinging to the throttle. He was dead and had given up his life in the attempt to save that of the eighty or ninety passengers on the train. A few of the passengers were painfully, but not fatally injured. Moyer, the fireman, also remained at his post, and like Gardner met death in the performance of his duty. Gardner was a resident of Harrisburg and had been on the road for over 20 years. He was well known all along his route and was universally respected. He was a man of family. While his tragic death is deeply to be deplored his stern devotion to his duty will call forth the highest meed of praise.

A LITTLE straw from Iowa, once the banner Republican State in the Union, bearing on the question of tariff reform, is the announcement that the Democrats at the municipal election last week in Des Moines, the Capital of the State, carried their entire city ticket, and that "the laboring men voted almost solidly for it."

The Death of Emperor William.

With the demise of Emperor William, of Germany, there has been removed one of the great central figures of the nineteenth century. We in our Western land, far away from the atmosphere that surrounds imperial power, and looking on the "divine right" of kings to rule as something from which we have happily emancipated ourselves, cannot gauge his life-work by the standard that will be applied to it by those who live under the shadow of a monarchy. Yet we cannot fail to recognize the genius that welded petty Powers and Principalities together in one homogeneous mass and at last accomplished the task of reuniting a regenerated Germany.

It is difficult to realize that the man who died no later than yesterday, and who wielded the sceptre of government almost until his last hours, once met the great Napoleon on the field of battle; saw dynasties change and empires overthrown; witnessed the revolution in Paris in 1848, the outbreak of which re-echoed far and wide over Europe; watched a new Napoleonic Empire arise from the ruins of that struggle, and, having brought about the downfall of that Empire, found himself crowned in the Palace of Versailles itself as Emperor of a united Germany. When this monarch whom King Death has just uncrowned was appointed Regent of Germany, owing to the insanity of his brother, King Frederick William IV, his first acts were full of promise. Indeed, by nominating a popular Ministry he virtually acknowledged the people's right to have a share in their own government. But when he ascended the throne a change came over him, and in his coronation speech he alluded very plainly to the "divine right" through which he accepted the crown. Despite his well-known liberality and enlightment on some points, he was at variance with the majority of his thinking subjects. The Prussians were, above all things, a military people, but they had been asked to indulge in soldiering to an extent for which they professed the greatest aversion. William I had a fixed belief that the welfare of Prussia depended upon her possession of a colossal army, and so he began his arduous task of carrying out an army reform scheme. It was at this stage that there entered on the scene a man whose career has ever since been indissolubly linked with that of his master. To Otto Von Bismarck's gigantic intellect and remarkable foresight Germany largely owes her present leading position among nations.

It would be simply a repetition of familiar history to trace in detail the subsequent conduct of King William, afterward of world-wide fame as the Emperor of United Germany. Bismarck was a man after King William's own heart, and they worked together. Although the great Chancellor's share in the events that brought about the supremacy of Germany in Europe is acknowledged, it would be unjust to belittle Emperer William's part therin. He selected the proper instruments for the execution of his projects, and, having once selected them, he stood by them in all their conflicts. The names of these two men will always be associated in the chronicles of the great. After the French war their whole domestic policy aimed at the perfection of the national unity that had been created. In this they largely succeeded, although the advancing tide of liberalism occasionally threatened to sweep away old landmarks dear to the heart of the monarchists.

So far as the succession to the throne of Prussia is concerned there is in the Constitution of that Kingdom an effective safeguard against any possible complication. The safeguard is contained in a section which declares that the crown is hereditary on the male side of the royal house according to the rights of the first-born. If the King be short of his majority, or from any other cause be incapacitated from governing, it is provided that the regency is to be taken by the next heir presumptive; and if there be at hand no heir of age both Houses of Parliament in joint session are to elect a regent. A possible intervention was provided against in November last by the appointment of Prince William to act as Regent, but the announcement made by Prince Bismarck in the Reichstag yesterday that Frederick William would ascend the throne of Prussia under the title of Frederick III dispels all doubts as to the succession.

It is evident, however, that the new King of Prussia will not be proclaimed Emperor of Germany until the formality of an election shall have been gone through with. Although the late Emperor William was proclaimed Emperor at Versailles, it was not until several months later that he was elected by the Reichstag and thus invested with supreme authority as Kaiser. The constituent Princes of Germany will doubtless, therefore, be called upon to support the fiction that the headship o. the Empire is elective; and thus the Imperial Constitution, which was adopted in April, 1871, will still be maintained in its integrity.

The coronation of Frederick William, even though he may not live long to enjoy his hereditary rights, will invest his wife with a measure of influence which may be exercised temporarily as a countercheck on Bismarck's ambitious schemes. The views entertained by the new King have been broad and enlightened, and largely in accord with the aspirations of the progressive element among the German people. But there is no denying the desperate strait in which Frederick III finds himself; for he seems already to be within the shadow of death, and with "Hall!" will speedily come "Farewell!"—*Phila. Record.*

Germany's Dead Emperor.

BERLIN, March 9.—Emperor William breathed his last at precisely 8.30 this morning. Eye witnesses of the scenes at the death-bed state that during the last few hours of his life the Emperor suffered no pain. Shortly after 8 o'clock all the members of the family staying at the Palace, the court dignitaries, Generals and Ministers of State were summoned to the chamber in which the Emperor lay dying. The Emperor was in a half-sitting position on a camp-bedstead. All the members of the royal family took places at the bedside. The room was crowded. Prince William stood nearest the Emperor, half bending over the couch. He earnestly watched the face of the dying monarch until he expired. The Emperor died holding the Empress by the hand. He had been in a stupor since 3 o'clock. He was delirious for a brief period at 5 o'clock, during which he is reported to have exclaimed: "I am a man of peace, but if Russia forces me to war I shall faithfully side with my ally, Austria."

The Emperor will be buried in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg. The remains lie covered with a white cloth on the bedstead on which he died in the imperial chamber. The expression of the face is extremely peaceful and placid. The members of the royal family left the Palace at 10 o'clock.

Divine service was held in the mortuary chamber to-night. The cathedral choir performed the choral parts of the service.

A Sixty-Hour Snow.

SARATOGA, N. Y. March 13.—Railroad travel in this section is entirely suspended. Not a wheel has moved on any of the roads for 24 hours. Four feet and four inches of snow has fallen, and the storm is still raging. For 60 hours the snow has been falling, with no indications for stoping.

Speech of Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, in the Senate on Tuesday, March 6, in Reply to the Indecent Attack on the President, General Hancock, General McClellan and Horace Greely, by John J. Ingalls, of Kansas.

Mr. Blackburn said he did not know that he (Mr. Blackburn) was a necessary connecting link with the Senator's acceptance of the Presidential nomination. The Senator from Kansas doubtless did know that illness in the family of the Senator from Missouri had taken him a long distance from the city, and that he was to be absent for some time on that account. He protested against the lack of fairness evinced by the Kansas Senator when he undertook to deal in such a fashion with men who had simply stated facts and submitted data for the consideration of the Senate on the pending bill.

What cause of grievance the Senator had that warranted him in applying language to the Chief Magistrate which would not be permissible on the Hustings (he would not say that it would be disgraceful even to be employed by fish-women) he did not know. But when that Senator undertook to denounce the Chief Executive of the United States after such a fashion as to deliberately declare that no man afflicted with ignorance so profound, with obscurity so gross, should consider himself as unfit to become the President's successor, it did seem to him (Blackburn) that the dignity of the Senate Chamber refused permission to respond. He was not here to defend the President from such unwarranted attacks. He knew but one sin which the President had committed in the eyes of the Senator from Kansas. That might be the unpardonable sin. It was that, having defeated the Senator's party at the polls, he had given to the American people for three years past so efficient, so honest, so clean-handed an administration as to doom the last of Republican aspirations to disaster. (Applause on the Democratic side and in the galleries.)

But the Senator from Kansas had even gone farther and done worse in his intemperate zeal. He had not spared the sanctity of the grave. In his frantic efforts to stir up prejudices between sections already reunited he had dragged up for abuse and vilification before the American Senate such men as had furnished with their unblemished swords the brightest pages of American history. McClellan and Hancock were to be denounced in the Senate Chamber as allies of the Confederates. Would it not have been in better taste, at least more creditable to the courage and candor of the Senator, if he had made such a charge before both of these men were buried?

Ingalls (from his seat)—I did often.

Mr. Blackburn—Then, so much the worse for the gentleman from Kansas. What warrant or ground had he for that, except that they were both different from himself—at least in political faith, if (may we not hope also) in many other regards? Hancock an ally of Confederates! Was he so regarded and believed when, weltering in his blood on Cemetery Heights, he refused to be removed from the field and persisted in giving the orders which checked the last advance of Longstreet's irresistible battalions? Was it this man who was honored by the American people, whether Republicans or Democrats, up to the very date when he had accepted the nomination of the Democratic party, who was to be spoken of as an ally of the Confederates?

"The Senator from Kansas complains of the Senator from Missouri and says that the rest of his complaint upon that Senator's Congressional autobiography. I believe it is generally assumed that a gentleman writes that bit of interesting history for himself. In looking over the short but conspicuously brilliant autobiography of the Senator from Kansas, I find that he was not in the army in 1861. He certainly was not in the army in 1862, because he says he was in the State Senate of Kansas in that year. But he was in the army from 1863 to 1865—and in what capacity? He was Judge-Advocate of the Kansas volunteers—(laughter)—while Gen. Black, the Commissioner of Pensions, was bleeding on the Kansas frontier; while McClellan was commanding the army at Petersburg; while Hancock was weltering in his blood at Cemetery Heights, at Gettysburg, the Senator from Kansas, always behind the rear of the army, was prosecuting Kansas jayhawkers for robbing henroosts. (Loud laughter and applause.)

"Now what are we to think of the arguments of a Senator who will leave his seat as presiding officer and come to the floor in the illustration of partisan zeal which (I am glad to say) I have never seen equalled, attacking all decent people, from the President of the United States down (civilians as well as military men), and letting no object escape the venom of his tongue? One would say that he was a cynic, despising mankind—perhaps because he has a suspicion that mankind is not enamored of him. But neither President nor soldier, living or dead, Confederate or Federal, except he accords with him in political convictions, is safe from his unjust and unfounded attacks. I do not want to be put in the position of an opponenent or enemy of pensioning of honest Federal soldiers. I have never opposed pensioning men who have served in the Union army and who were incapacitated from supporting themselves either by disease or wounds. And I do not know the Confederate who has done so.

"Party man as I am, partisan as I confess myself to be, I do sincerely trust that I may never find my term of public service prolonged to that day, nor my life extended to that hour, when without warrant, without facts to support it, without truth at my back, I will turn deliberately to traduce and abuse the dead who, while living, were honored by all honorable men." (Loud applause, which the presiding officer again checked.)

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, who never misses an opportunity to vilify Mr. Gladstone, made a speech in Dublin as far back as the year 1866, in which he said:

I don't know how, whether it is from a natural love of what is just or not, but I always had a great sympathy with the Irish people and Irish questions, and as long as I remain in Parliament or in public life, or in life at all, and am capable of thinking, I believe I shall be of opinion that we, in this generation, do owe it to ourselves and owe it to Ireland to make such amends as we can for an amount of neglect, and cruelty, and injustice committed in the past such as I think no civilized or Christian nation has ever inflicted on another Christian nation.

And yet to-day Mr. Bright has nothing to offer but denunciation of the men who have been peacefully trying to correct these evils and the declaration that they are responsible for "terrorism, boycotting outrages and murders."

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—An elephant in the funeral procession to a recent Hindoo cremation wore a silver collar worth £5,000.

—Exterminating prairie dogs at so much an acre is the occupation of several men at Wichita Falls, Tex.

—There are 900 beetsugar factories in Europe. France manufactures 600,000 tons of sugar, and Germany 1,024,000 tons.

—Dynamite when ignited by a blow or by a detonating fuse explodes with tremendous force; when fire is applied to it it burns with a strong flame without any explosion.

—The lot on which the California Theater stands, in San Francisco, which has just been purchased by Mrs. Kate McDonough for $127,000, was bought 40 years ago for $45.

—Says an imaginative statistician: "If Texas were a circular lake and France a circular island, the island could be anchored centrally in the lake out of sight of land, 22 miles from any point on the encircling shore."

—J. T. Campbell, United States Consul at Auckland, New Zealand, says in his latest report to the State Department that $12,000,00 have been expended in New Zealand in the last eight years in the effort to overcome the rabbit plague.

—Two women living near Davenport, Iowa, went to visit a friend some miles distant. Each took her baby with her, and when returning, as it was very cold, they took particular pains to wrap the little ones up snugly to keep them from freezing to death. Both infants died from suffocation.

—In the office of the Recorder of Deeds, Philadelphia, is preserved a justice's docket over 100 years old. One of the entries in the volume is as follows: "Commonwealth agt. Stephen Blunt, July 24, 1778. Charged of drinking Damnation to General Washington and all his Army. Defendant held in £200."

—A Doylestown O., man discovered that his chickens were being stolen from time to time. He missed half a dozen more hens the other morning, and while looking around the coop discovered a pocketbook containing $85 and the name of a well-known neighbor who was a respected member of the community.

—A farmer in Clinton county, Mo., found out that the grand jury was trying to haul him up for working on Sunday. He at once had his four sons summoned to appear before the jury as witnesses against him. He was fined $1 and costs, a total of $5. His son's fees and mileage amounted to $2 60 each, a total of 10 40.

—Louis Richter on last Friday shot and killed his cousin, Louisa Smith, aged 17 at Evansville, Ind., and then sent a bullet through his own brain. Richter was the son of one of the wealthiest and best known citizen in the county. He was in love with the girl, but she did not reciprocate, and it is thought this unbalanced his mind.

—Remarkable canine sagacity was displayed a short time ago by a Newfoundland dog near Williamsburg, N. Y. The owner of the animal being overcome by extreme cold while crossing the open fields would have perished had it not been for the noble animal, who seized his master's hat and carried it to his home, thus procuring assistance.

—If one grain of wheat is put on one square of the chess-board, two on the second, four on the third, &c, it would require merely for the last square 3,028,494 million tons, or as much as 494,000,000 of the largest ships could carry, or more than the freight-carrying capacity of all the shipping from Noah to now added to all the railroad cars, carts and wagons ever made.

—At a recent lawsuit in Texas 13 expert cattle branders swore that when cattle were branded in "the dark of the moon" the brand will never get larger than the first impression, no matter how much the animal may grow. But if the branding iron is applied in the "light of the moon" the scar will spread, and the lighter the moon the larger will be the spread."

—After the war when things looked very gloomy W. S. Jordan, of Sumpter county, Fla., took a unique way of expressing his belief that the country was going to the dogs. The stamps which he placed upon letters were put on upside down. As things improved, according to his view, he gradually turned them a little, and when Cleveland took his seat as President he began putting the stamps on his envelopes right side up and in their proper place.

—The total number of coke ovens in the United States, up to the time when last noted, was 22,597; building, 4,154. The production of coke for 1886 was 6,845,309 tons, costing at oven $1.63 per ton. Six years ago there were only 14,119 ovens, and the cost at ovens was then $1.88 per ton. Pennsylvania has produced 79 per cent. of all the coke made in the United States. The consumption of coal for 1886 was 10,688,972 tons. New coke works are still being projected.

—A special from Mandan, Dakota, says: About midnight at New Buffalo, Pullman Conductor Towne was attacked in the drawing room of his car by two masked men, who sand-bagged him and robbed him of $90 and the contents of his pocketbook. They then dragged him to the platform of the car and left him for dead. He was found shortly after the train had started by a passenger, but did not regain his senses until the train reached Mandan. New Buffalo is a few miles west of Fargo. The train was the west-bound Northern Pacific Express.

—Mrs. Trost, of Muskegon, Mich., went to bed in a Milwaukee hotel the other night with the recollection of all the hotel fires of which she had read surging through her brain. She soon awoke with a start, for she heard considerable noise down stairs. The noise continued, and the poor woman became so nervous that she jumped from her window to a shed, and thence to the ground, and never stopped until she reached the house of a relative, 16 miles away. Her room was over the kitchen, and the noise she heard was made by the servants in doing up the evening work.

—Squire W. J. Anderson, of Xenia, O. has a coat 112 years old. It was worn by his great-grandfather in North Carolina. The coat is made of linen and cotton which was spun, colored and woven by the wife of its former owner. It is cut in the continental style, and the buttons are round molds cut from a gourd and covered with cloth. The suit to which it belonged was made expressly to be worn at a ratification meeting held at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and was worn very little afterward. It has been on exhibition at a number of county fairs of late years, and relic hunters have cut nearly all the buttons off.

—The *Northwestern Miller* of February 24 makes the following statement in respect to the enormas production of flour in the West: The Minneapolis mills made 114,100 barrels of flour last week, and exported 55,000 barrels. The market is steady, but not active. The St. Louis mills made 68,700 barrels last week. The market has been more active, and the output will be larger this week. Thirty-nine Northwestern mills outside of Minneapolis made 359,694 barrels of flour in January, as against 338,576 barrels for the same month in 1887. These mills exported 91,443 barrels in January, against 70,808 barrels in that month last year.

Brooks Law Litigation.

One of the most important cases tried last week before the Lehigh county courts was that of Reuben Semmel vs. the county of Lehigh. Semmel has for many years been constable of North White Hall township, and sued to recover fees and mileage for making monthly visits to places where liquor is sold, as required by the Brooks high license law. The constables of the county last fall formed a league, having for its object the securing of compensation for making monthly visits to all places where liquor is sold. In October Semmel brought suit against the county for a fee of $1.50 for each tour of inspection and mileage. Semmel's district is the largest in the county, and for this reason he was selected to test the case. On each tour he covers twenty-five miles, and he claimed that in addition to the fee of $1.50 he was entitled to six cents per mile, or $1.50 more, making his compensation for each month three dollars. Judge Albright told the jury that the fee bill of 1888 entitled constables to fees for certain duties, and since the duties of these officials embraced in the high license law were compulsory they were entitled to a fee of $1.50 and mileage. He directed the jury to render a verdict in Mr. Semmel's favor for twelve dollars in payment for his services for four months. The commissioners have made a motion for a new trial. Should a new trial be refused it is altogether likely that the commissioners will appeal the case to the Supreme Court. If the decision of Judge Albright is sustained it will effect every constable in the State. A final decision favorable to Semmel would cost that county annually about one thousand dollars.

In Northampton county it has been decided that constables need not make the visits, and in Montgomery and Schuylkill the judges have decided that such tours are compulsory, but in neither case has the question of compensation been raised.

Cunning of the Fox.

Dr. J. F. Landrey, in *Popular Science News*, relates the following, showing the wonderful sagacity of the fox:

On the Lower Wabash a company of hunters from Tippecanoe county encamped for the night among the cavernous limestone hills occasionally found in those regions. The hounds soon traced up the retreat of an old gray fox and her family in one of those narrow crevices that probably led into a more open cavern further in. The whining of the young foxes was very distinct and led to louder bayings of the hounds. The mother, however, was "not at home." But it was not long till her barking was heard beyond the camp, on a small hill in another direction. The dogs soon took the hint, and gave her a magnificent chase around the hill. Doubling on her track, she eluded the dogs, returned to her cubs, and either carried or induced them to follow her into the deeper recesses of the cavern, beyond the dangers of digging and chasing. I have often thought that little piece of strategy a masterly piece of generalship. What could be more natural than to desire to draw away from her young ones the threatening dogs and men? Seeming to know that her own barking would have the desired effect of diverting their attention to larger game in an open field, she ventured to draw their attack upon herself, and succeeded in saving the lives both of herself and her young ones.

Fecundity of Fishes.

Fishes produce so many eggs that if vast numbers of the latter and of the fishes themselves were not continually destroyed, these animals would finally fill up all the waters. For example, man annually takes 60,000,000 or 70,000,000 codfish from the sea around the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when we consider that each cod yields about 45,000,000 eggs each season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 cod taken on the coast of Newfoundland left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equaling the cod, are wonderfully productive. A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon calculated that if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed, for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

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—For absent mindedness a citizen of Bangor, Me., certainly is entitled to the wreath. Not long since he severely injured one of his fingers and was advised to poultice it. He prepared a poultice and applied it carefully to the diseased member and then went about his business as usual. Soon, however, the finger began to pain him in an unusually severe manner, and he could not account for it until he made a close examination of his hand, took hold of the member that pained him, when he found that the poultice was on the wrong finger.

—The Pennsylvania Fish Commission met in Harrisburg on Saturday to take action on the large number of applications that have been received for carp and trout. It was determined to buy carp sufficient to fill all applications. The limit of trout was fixed at 2,000 for each applicant, and the Secretary was instructed to correspond with the Latching houses and learn how many trout are on hand with a view to pro rata distribution in the different parts of the State. A resolution was adopted instructing the Secretary to instruct market masters to keep a close watch on the markets and arrest people who sell fish out of season.

—A shocking story of debauchery and the execution of popular vengeance comes from Bluffton, Georgia. A white woman, whose name is not given, had become intimate with a negro named Aaron Dickey, well known as a desperado. A party of young men seeing the negro enter the woman's house waited until midnight, when they broke in and found the couple as suspected. Dickey stoutly resisted, but the young men pressed closely around him and soon bound him. They took him out to a tree, to which they tied him. The men welted Dickey's back with a whip until the blood came. From cursing the negro turned to pleading for mercy, but without avail. The vigilants told him he would not live to see daylight. When one detail would weary in the work of lashing it would be relieved by another. As day began to dawn the men disappeared, but Dickey died from the thrashing.

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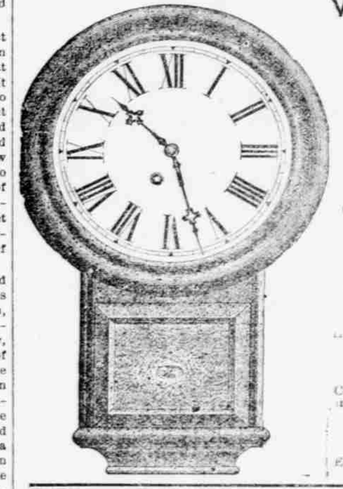

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FOR SAL

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 16, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The mercury dropped down to 5 degrees below zero on Tuesday morning.

—Patrick Leonard and Charles Cooney, both of Tunnelhill, were in town for a few hours on Monday.

—The ground-hog is no longer responsible for the weather, his six weeks having expired on Wednesday.

—Persons indebted to Loretto Mdse. Co. are requested to call and settle their accounts before April 1st, 1888.

—Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn, the popular merchants of Johnstown, have something new to say to you in their "ad" this week.

—Michael Kilduff, father of the editor of the Gallitzin *Vindicator*, died at his home in Tunnelhill on Friday last, aged fifty-eight years.

—Miss Ann McDonald, of this place, took her departure on Monday for Pittsburg where she intends remaining for some time visiting friends.

—According to the State geologist there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000,000,000 tons of coal still unmined in this commonwealth.

—There will be a special term of court held, beginning on Monday, May 28th. A special venire of thirty six jurors has been ordered for this term.

—Powers Woodford, of Susquehanna township, was appointed supervisor of that township on Monday last by the court, to fill a vacancy in that office.

—A remonstrance against every license petition in Johnstown, with but one exception, has been filed with the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

—Mrs. Susannah McMillen, wife of Mr. James McMillen, a well-known citizen of Johnstown, died at her home in that place on Tuesday last, aged 68 years.

—LOST—On the road between Ebensburg and Carrolltown, a pocketbook containing $309 21. A reward of $25 will be paid the finder by leaving it at this office.

—The time to choose a fertilizer for spring crops has about arrived. The extensiveuse of the I. P. Thomas & Son's goods is a very conclusive argument in their favor.

—Rev Father Davin, of Summitville, will be the first pastor of the new Catholic parish of Cambria borough; who will succeed Father Davin in his present charge we failed to learn.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

—The following named persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: Mrs. Ann Patterson, Mr. John J. Jones (south). Persons calling for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—A tramp named James Burn, who hails from New York, was struck by an engine near Gallitzin on Saturday afternoon and was severely, though not dangerously hurt. He was taken to the Altoona hospital for repairs.

—When you are refitting and repairing your rooms, step down to Barkers' and see the new styles of wall paper, they have the largest stock in town to select from, and have all the new styles in cheap goods, and several styles in gilt.

—Owing to a deficiency in the supply of heat furnished by the new steam heating aparatus, recently placed in our public schools, one of the schools had to be dismissed for several days during the present week on account of the cold weather.

—The storm of the past few days is likely the "equinoctial." The vernal equinox falls on Wednesday, March 21, when spring commences, and the days and nights will be of the same length. About the time the sun passes these equinoctial points heavy storms usually prevail on sea and land.

—Jos. Farabaugh, photographer, of Carrolltown, Pa. having sold out his picture gallery, desires to inform his patrons that he will have possession until April 1st, 1888, and that all wanting pictures taken or duplicates of photos taken heretofore are invited to call or address without delay.

—The Directors of the Jackson Joint Stock Oil Company, Limited, at a meeting held on Tuesday last, concluded to abandon the further boring of the well. The well is down about 2,600 feet, and has passed through all the sands that bear oil or gas, and the divetors believe it useless to bore any further.

—If you have not visited the shoe store of Mr. R. L. Davis lately, don't fail to go soon. He has recently opened up the largest, finest, and best selected stock of men's, women's, misses' and childrens' shoes ever brought to Ebensburg, and he will be pleased to have you examine his stock. Prices always the lowest.

—Jesse Marsh, a druggist in Petersburg, Huntingdon county, was found dead in his office in the rear of his drug store on Sunday morning. From the fact on a table near where his body lay was a glass partly filled with laudanum, and which showed evidence of having been full, the impression is that he committed suicide.

—You or your boy will soon need a new suit of clothes, and we want to tell you that you do not need to go away or send away for them as you can buy a suit from Barkers' as cheap as anywhere in the State, our advice is to go down to Barkers' and see their large stock of clothing for men and boys, and we know that you will be suited both in prices and quality.

—The Democratic County Committee met on Monday last and selected the following gentlemen as delegates to the State Convention: Messrs. W. H. Rose and George Wagoner, of Johnstown; Joseph A. Gray, of Carrolltown; C. F. O'Donnell, of Loretto, and H. A. Englehart, of Ebensburg. A resolution was passed declaring Col. John P. Linton to be the choice of Cambria county for delegate to the National Convention and endorsing the administration of President Cleveland.

—On Thursday night of last week, about nine o'clock, two bears, one a very large one and the other smaller came within three feet of the door of Casper Smith, in Barr township. Mrs. Smith, who went to the door at the time was startled and screamed when she saw them, when the brutes started off and got out of the way before Mr. Smith, who also saw them, could get his gun. Their tracks were plainly visible the next day, but owing to the scarcity of the snow it was impossible to follow them.

—Mr. John McConnell, of the firm of McConnell & Saupp, Altoona, Pa., is now in New York placing their orders for spring and summer clothing the spring styles having just come out this week. John knows when, how, and where to buy, and does buy the best and cheapest clothing and hats that come to this section of the State. Messrs. McConnell & Saupp buy at headquarters and strictly for cash, mark the prices on all goods in plain figures, do a square business and have taken the lead in the clothing business in Altoona.

TERRA COTTA and MAHOGANY.

Gable & Co. invite you to visit their store, 1402 Eleventh avenue, Aloona, to see the many Beautiful Lines of Dress Goods in all the New Spring Shades, including the now popular Terra Cotta and Mahogany. Their new goods range in quality from 10c. to $1.25 and every piece is extra good value.

1402 ELEVENTH AVENUE 1402

—Bargains, bargains at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa. The following lines of goods will be closed out at actual cost for spot cash or good marketable produce until April 1st: All kinds of dress goods, flannels, woolens, ladies,' misses and children's shoes, also men's and boy's boots, shoes, hats, caps and clothing. Flour, $4.50 and $5 per barrel; best A No. 1 salt, $1.25 per barrel. All other goods at equally low prices for spot cash or trade.

—We will call your attention to an article that many of you will need this spring, that is a new carpet, and we can assure you that you will find a good assortment to select from at Barkers', they have them from the lowest priced ingrain, up through all grades to the best Brussels, and as some people connot be suited from stock, they carry a line of samples from a large house in New York, and can sell you anything you want at city prices. They also have a large stock of oil cloths, rugs, mats, etc., anything you want in this line you can save money by buying at Barkers'.

—It is said that efforts are being made by the young Democratic ladies of Greensburg for the organization of a Frances Cleveland Club for the purpose of taking an active part in the coming Presidential election. The Club will be composed of some of the leading ladies of the place and will be uniformed tastefully, each wearing a white silk badge with a picture of Mrs. Cleveland engraved on it. They will be furnished with torches, made especially for the occasion, and turn out at every political procession and will be drilled in the manual of arms and marching manœuvers by skilled drill-masters. Similar organizations are to be started throughout the county, and may spread over the State.

—The whole Atlantic coast, from Virginia to Maine, was swept by a snow storm beginning on Monday last. The greatest breadth of the storm center was from the coast opposite the central part of this State and extended westward to the head of the Ohio Valley. Many vessels were wrecked along the coast, and railroad traffic suspended to a great extent. No mails east of Harrisburg were received at this place from Monday until this writing (Thursday noon) owing to the Pennsylvania railroad being closed between Harrisburg and Philadelphia. The storm, however, is now over and the railroads are speedily opening up their tracks and in a day or two the trains will be running as usual.

—A wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad on Monday morning about four o'clock at Nigger cut, a short distance east of Huntingdon, in which two lives were lost, and it is estimated that $100 000 worth of property was destroyed. A freight train was going east and when at that point an axle broke and the freight cars began piling up, obstructing both tracks. At the same time Western Express came along running at the rate of forty-five miles an hour and plunged into the wrecked cars. It was a fearful scene that met the eyes of the passengers, alarmed and frightened by the breaking of the glass and the smashing of the timbers, who were rudely awakened from their slumbers. The engineer of the passenger train, Robert Gardner, of Harrisburg, was found on his engine with his hand on the throttle, still living, but fast among the broken timbers and died in a few minutes after being released. Charles Moyer, the fireman, was torn to pieces and his body was gathered up in sections. One passenger was slightly hurt by the broken glass and some badly shock up, but none were seriously injured. A purse of $200 was raised by the passengers for the families of the engineer and fireman. Travel over the road was delayed for twenty hours.

Court Proceedings.

The following cases were disposed of last week after our paper had gone to press.

Commonwealth vs. Nellie Comers. Keeping a disorderly house. Jury found defendant guilty.

Com. vs. Carrie Peters. Keeping a disorderly house. Defendant not appearing her recognizance was forfeited.

Com. vs. Lizzie Thompson. Keeping a disorderly house. Defendant not appearing her recognizance was forfeited.

Com. vs. Scott Campbell. Larceny. Defendant plead guilty.

Com. vs. Kate Sterling. Keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant guilty.

Com. vs. Jennie Hill. Keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant not guilty, but that she pay the cost.

Com. vs. Lucy Kough. Keeping a disorderly house. Jury find defendant not guilty, but that she pay the costs.

Com. vs. Dennis Carville. Rape. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Com. vs. William Mellon. Larceny. Jury find him guilty, but recommend him to the mercy of the court.

Com. vs. William White. Selling liquor without license. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Court adjourned at 6 o'clock on Friday evening.

SECOND WEEK.

On Monday Judge Johnston sentenced the following named parties who were tried last week, to serve terms in jail respectively: Maggie Hughes, three months; Bessie King, four months; Nellie Conners, six months; Kate Sterling, one year; Mollie Fitch, six months, William Mullen, nine, months; and Daniel Burk, ten days.

Scott Campbell and Maggie Griffith were sentenced to the Reform school.

Thomas Stanley was sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary for a term of ten years.

J. H. Krause vs. George Rex. 2d Pln Sci. Fa. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $9,600 with interest from date and stay of execution for one year.

Use C. Emerson vs. J. W. Logan. Att. Execution. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of fifty dollars.

Augustine Wills vs. Ely Humphrey and John H Meredith. Appeal. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $137 34.

Michael McCullough, et. ux., vs. Matthew Ivory. Case. Jury find for plaintiff the sum of $365 92.

Timothy L. Hunt vs. Conrad Bader, et. al. Trespass. On trial.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, Mar. 14, 1888.

DEAR FREEMAN.—We are at present writing experiencing one of the most severe blizzards of the winter. March is holding its usual carnival of high fierce winds and storms.

That dread disease, diphtheria, has made its appearance among us. It has invaded the household of our esteemed citizen, Mr. J. W. Sharbaugh, and the first victim to its malignant influence was little Harry, a bright five-year old son of Mr. Sharbaugh, who succumbed to its influence on Sunday morning and his remains were interred on Tuesday afternoon. Four more of his children are suffering with it but we understand are not dangerous. A child of Mr. Wm. Luther was buried last week. Mr. Luther and the balance of his family are suffering still with the same disease. If the disease should spread in this town many a family will mourn the loss of a dear child, as our town is full of bright merry children.

Your old neighbor, "Judge" Thomas, has removed himself, his "household Gods" and household goods to the Carrolltown Hotel on Main street. The Judge has opened up a new era in the hotel business in this part of the country. In the first place he has a new and attractive sign in gold letters hanging across the pavement and on it the traveling public read "Hotel Brunswick. John D. Thomas, Prop'r." The bar is fixed up in such a gorgeous manner as to "astonish the natives," the interior of the house is furnished in first-class style and is really elegant, and highly attractive. The Judge will keep a first-class hotel and is gaining his share of trade already, and will do more; he has a large sample room for the accommodation of commercial travelers. His son George is the bar-keeper and is quite accommodating.

Mr. A. H. Haug, prop'r. of the Hohenzolern House, was confined to his bed for the last week with bronchitis.

The new railroad is progressing for all that there is in it.

Mr. J. J. Hauk, Mr. Adam Miller and Mr. Thomas Ott, are each building large store rooms at Hastings City, on the line of the new raiload.

M. D. Kittell, Esq., is in town on business.

Sugar making will soon be all the go among the farmers.

The Cherrytree oil well is down nearly five hundred feet. Gas has been struck in paying quantities already.

The steam fitting in the church and convent is now finished and gives complete satisfaction. Much praise is given to the firm of McGinnis & Smith for the complete manner in which they finished the work.

Augustine Sharbaugh has just returned from the cities, where he had gone to buy an immense stock of clothing. We understand there will be a grand opening on the 19th, at his large store building on Main street.

As news is scarce I will bring this rambling letter to a close. AMICUS.

Local Institute.

Everybody is invited to be present at the teachers' local institute to be held in Public School Building of Ebensburg, Saturday afternoon and evening, March 24th, the programme is as follows: Institute open at 2 P. M., with music, followed by opening address by chairman. The subject, "How to interest and hold the attention of pupils in geography," will be discussed by H. T. Jones and others; Essay, Miss Effie Myers; Class Drill, Miss Allie Lloyd; First Steps in Grammar, Miss May Kilieus; The Utility of the Study of Physiology and Hygiene in Public Schools, Herman Aple; Recitation, Miss Rose Garman; The Importance of Mental Arithmetic, Cyrus Shepherd; Referred Question, "Does more good than harm result from the daily marking of pupils at every recitation?" George Hite.

Evening Programme: Opening Address by Superintendent Leech, on Institute Work; Essay by Miss Maggie Larimer; Referred Question, Should Teachers be Employed for Three Years? L. S. Reed; Recitation, Miss Annie Beynon; Character Building, Cyrus Shepherd; Recitation, Miss Mollie Evans; Elevation of Public Sentiment, A. R. Read; Declamation, R. D. Jones; Institute paper, "Local Clippings," Miss Annie Jones. Music will be interspersed throughout the exercises.

Notice.

Mr. J. H. Gant desires to inform the public that Messrs. V. S. Barker & Bros., intend erecting a building on the corner of Center and Sample streets, to be occupied by him as a barber shop and bath rooms. The coming summer he will have bath rooms neatly fitted up with hot and cold water, clean towels, etc.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

A Cold

of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

Catarrh.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilib lains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

School Meeting.

CRESSON, PA., March 12, 1888.

An interesting and instructive meeting was held at Lilly on Saturday, March 10. The following named teachers were present:

Misses, Parish, Anderson, Moore and McGough, and Messrs. Wm. McGough, A. J. Noel, F. J. Itell, J. A. Kensinger, and A. J. Sanker.

After discussing the topics arranged for the day, the following programm was prepared for the next meeting to be held at Portage, Saturday, March, 24, 1888:

How to teach language without the text-book, Miss Moore; primary physiology, Miss Dougherty; importance of history, Prof. T. J. Itell; writing for primary grades, Miss McGough and J. M. Noel; advanced spelling, J. A. Kinsinger; select readings, Misses Kern and Plotner; parental cooperation, A. J. Sanker; singing and recitations by pupils of Wilmore and Portage schools.

Directors and teachers of surrounding districts are earnestly requested to be present, also the County Superintendent, as this is to be the last meeting in this district for this term. A. J. SANKER.

School Report.

The following is the report of Cresson School for the month ending Mar. 6, 1888, A. J. Sanker, teacher. Whole number in attendance during month, boys, 21, girls, 24, total, 45 Percent during month, boys, 90, girls, 84. The following pupils were present every day: Mary Storm, Mary Allison, Blanche Storm, Mary Lee, Essie Storm, Willie Coyle, Alfred Hines, Geo. Deveraux and Vallie Quartz.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Mar. 15th, 1888:

Thomas H. Quinn and Jennie Cobaugh, Johnstown.

George Daugherty, Benore, Centre county, Pa., and Elizabeth Hale, Cooperdale.

John Zoblouskie and Eranko Enzebet, Cambria.

Otto Sherman and Mary B. Allenderfer, Johnstown.

Henry Hofecker and Elsie M. Roddy, Upper Yoder township.

Francis Henry Dorricott and Mary Jane Harris, Gallitzin.

Daniel W. Cobaugh and Mary Corcoran, Johnstown.

Joseph S. Wilson, Johnstown, and Annie H. Cable, Bedford county, Pa.

Died.

HAINS.—Died on the 9th inst., Gertrude, little daughter of Mr. William and Claudie Haines nee Litzinger, at their home in Coalport, Clearfield county.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. C. McEntee, of the Catholic church If there can be a compensating thought, it is that your darling returned to the God who gave it, pure and unspotted by the world's temptations. Your precious babe is now a treasure laid up in a better world, and the gate through which it has passed to peace and joy unspeakable is left open so that you in due time may follow.

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

X.

BENGELE—Died on February 14 and 17, and March 3, 1888, Fannie, Esther, and Eleanor, children of Joseph and Gussie Bengele, aged respectively 5, 7, and 3 years.

Are they dreaming, in a slumber
Motionless and deep?—
Fannie, Esther, Eleanor,
Where they lie asleep.

Do they laugh and play in gladness
In the spirit land?
Oh, the mystery that shrouds them
Could we understand!

Lo 'tis done for faith has power
E'en this veil to rend.
Faith can show the smiling valleys,
Where our yearnings tend.

Where our children stray together,
Never more to part.
Oh! they stretch their hands towards us,
Bidding us take heart.

God will give us strength to suffer,
Courage to endure:
He will guide our steps to reach them
Where they stand secure.

Still for us, thro' all our wand'rings,
Will these angels pray:
Till the time of darkness ended,
Dawns eternal day.

Loretto, March 12, 1888. M.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.

On the following days for the districts named the Commissioners of Cambria county will sit at their office in Ebensburg, for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assessment of money at interest, hacks stages, etc., used for hire, taxable for State purposes for the year 1888.

On Tuesday, March 27th, for Adams, Allegheny, Barr, Blacklick, Cambria, Carroll, and Chest townships, 1st and 2d wards of Cambria borough, Ashville and Carrolltown boroughs.

On Friday, March 23d, for Clearfield, Conemaugh, Croyle, Dean, East Taylor, West Taylor, Elder and Gallitzin townships, 1st and 2d wards of Conemaugh borough, Chest Springs, Coopersdale and East Conemaugh borough.

On Saturday, March 24th, for East and West wards Ebensburg borough, Franklin, Gallitzin, Grubbstown, Lilly, Loretto, Prospect and Tunnelhill boroughs, Jackson, Munster, Portage and Summerhill townships.

On Tuesday, March 27th, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th wards Johnstown borough, and 1st, and 2d wards Millville borough.

On Wednesday, March 28th for Reade, Richland, Stonycreek, Susquehanna, Washington, White and Upper and Lower Yoder townships, and South Fork, Wilmore and Woodvale boroughs.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
JOHN KIRBY, } Com.
J. G. LLOYD,
D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Feb. 29, 1888.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Maune, deceased, of Croyle township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby giving to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY B. MAUNE.

Croyle Twp., Feb. 17, 1888. Adm'x.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

THE FOLLOWING PERSONS HAVE FILED petitions for LICENSE with the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, to be presented to the Court on MONDAY, March 19th, 1888:

Adams township—John Orris, tavern.

Ashville borough—David Brookbank, Patrick Dunn, R. J. Free, Joseph Miller, tavern.

Barr township—Eberhart Gessler, Frank A. Kline, tavern.

Cambria borough 1st wd.—Charles Boyle, Patrick Boyle, John M. Enright, Patrick Green, Michael Keating, Francis E. Kelly, John Klotz, Reginia Kurtz, Michael Lafrey, John Lulkart, Martin Logan, Hugh McConnell, Patrick J. McLaughlin, Patrick Scanlan, tavern; Keystone Brewing Co., wholesale.

Cambria borough 2d wd.—George Aigner, John Burkhard, Mary Burkhardt, John Boylan, John Fees, Bernard Garvey, John Lysett, Charles McClafferty, Peter Roth, Jacob Shaffer, John Scheffauer, Henry Laly, Peter Toner, tavern; Jacob Goener, brewer.

Carrolltown borough—Julia Binder, B. A. Blum, Celestine A. Farabaugh, John Glasser C. A. Luther, Lawrence Schroth, John Stolz, John D. Thomas, A. H. Haug, tavern; B. A. Blum, C. A. Farabaugh, brewer; Gray & Williams, John J. Haus, wholesale.

Carroll township—Catharine Baker James P. Huber, Henry Mellon, Mathew Weakland, Thos. J. Weaklan, tavern.

Chest township—Leonard Hartman, tavern.

Chest Springs borough—John Crouse, Dr. J. B. Noonan, tavern.

Clearfield township—George Harber, J. A. Wallace, tavern.

Conemaugh borough 1st wd.—Fred Benler, Jas. C. Darby, P. S. Friedhoff, John Gans, George Held, Erhardt Maisi, R. J. Mulvehill, Wilhelmina Musser, Joseph Reidel, tavern.

Conemaugh borough 2d ward—David Costlow, Sarah Cavanaugh, Thos. Daley, Anna Ernt, John Gerhardt, Josna Griffith, Chas. and Maggie Hoffman, Fred W. Hoffman, Benjamin Kist, Laura Toohey, Henry H. Thomas, Joseph Walcher, tavern; Chas. and Maggie Hoffman, wholesale; Lambert & Kress, brewers.

Conemaugh township—Lawrence Kost, wholesale.

Croyle township, Peter Brown, Albert Carpenter, John Griffith, Patrick McCall, John D. Wentroth, tavern.

Dean township—Thos. Dunphy, Ellen Hollis, tavern.

East Conemaugh borough—Wm. J. Cannon, Geo. A. Confer, Margaret Kelly, tavern.

Ebensburg borough West Ward—P. F. Brown, John Bender, John S. Miller, tavern.

Ebensburg borough East Ward—L. Esterline, tavern.

Elder township—Peter C. Glasser C. A. Gray, Jacob S. Kline, John Lantry, Frank X. Ott, tavern.

Franklin borough—Peter Robritz, tavern

Gallitzin borough—D. C. Burk, Chas. Drase, Michael Fitzharris, Joseph M. Gunning, Arnold Lenz, H. J. Shettig & J. C. Snyder, Max Stehle, tavern; Allen H. Heist, D. Lutz & Son, wholesale; Andrew Geagler, brewer.

Gallitzin township—Richard Byrne, tavern; H. D. Reiners, wholesale; H. D. Reiners, butcher.

Grubbstown borough—Catherine Ream, George W. Penrod, tavern.

Johnstown borough 2d wd.—John Coad, Joseph Crause, John Frank, Conrad Hoffman, Gottfreid Hoffman, John James, W. & D. Kirby, Geo. W Kough, Thos. Kinney, Daniel Lavett, Job Morgan, Frank O'Donnell, John O'Tool, Geo. C. Roab, John Schiffauer, Neal Shorkey, tavern; John Roab, wholesale.

Johnstown borough 3d wd.—Joseph Belter, James Clark, Wm. Gerhardt, John J. Hornick, Joseph Kost, Charles Kropp, Mrs. C. Kast, Robt. E. Lambert, James J. Milligan, Michael Lynch, Chas. H. McAteer, John J. McCann, Chas. Oswald, Stephen Quirk, Geo. Roab, Robt Sazerac, John V. Shaffer, Benjamin Sniky, Charles Wess, tavern; Fisher & Co., Frauenheim & Vilsack, Henry G. Ludwig, John Ludwig & Son, D. Lutz & Son, wholesale.

Johnstown borough 4th wd.—Wm. L. Halferty, Henry Koch, Eckhart Pfeil, Conrad J. Schable, F. P. Wier, tavern; John Emerling, Jacob Meiser, brewers; Wm. Thomas, wholesale and bottler.

Johnstown borough 5th wd.—Jacob Hartman, tavern.

Johnstown borough 6th wd.—Wm. Shaffer, tavern.

Johnstown borough 7th wd.—John B. Gerhardt, tavern.

Lilly borough—Wm. Hect, Geo. Brant, Gebhardt Bender, C. A. George, Margaret Helly, John Metzger, Edward Mulherron, Thos. Sheridan, tavern; Theodore Sill, brewers.

Loretto borough—Florian Bengle, A. J. Christ, C. F. O'Donnell, tavern.

Millville borough 1st wd.—Robert Butler, Thos. B. Broderich, Ed. Flannagan, Evan A. James, John Malonen, Michael F. Murphy, Owen Mc-Cue, Jr., Patrick Rodgers, tavern; Pier & Dannals, wholesale.

Millville borough 2d wd.—A. E. Baker, James P. Burns, James Daily, John Honan, Jr., Bridget Lynch, Thomas McDermott, tavern.

Portage township—Jane McGough & John P. Groome, A. J. McDonnell, tavern.

Prospect borough—Mary Neary, Thomas Riley, tavern.

Reade township—W. A. Chaplin, Joseph F. Durbin, James Laing, tavern; Michael Carroll, wholesale.

Richland township—Soloman Martin, Bernard Nees, tavern.

South Fork borough—W. W. Baker, Chas. N. Crouse, Thomas Keelan, tavern.

Stonycreek township—John Metzler, George S. Schafer, John H. Watkins, tavern.

Susquehanna township—Simon P. Lantry, Philip F. Miller, tavern.

Tunnelhill borough—Andrew Basal, Joseph A. Bertram, Albert F. Fick, tavern.

Washington township—John H. Clark, W. R. Dunham, Chas. H. Humbert, Frank Leap, Patrick E. Myers, John McNally, Hugh O'Donnell, tavern; Chas. E. Schwaderer, brewer.

Wilmore borough—Joseph Horner, Conrad Wenderoth, tavern.

Upper Yoder township—Chas. Hochatine, John A. O'Connor, tavern.

Lower Yoder township—Michael Conway, Francis Leckey, tavern; Jacob Albrecht, brewer.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Feb. 17, 1888.

STATEMENT OF AUDITOR'S SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick township for the year ending March 12, 1888.

JOHN BLICKENDERFER, Supervisor, Dr.

To amount of road duplicate	$269 50
To am't received from Commissioners	35 00
To balance account	31 66
	$336 16

CONTRA, CR.

By am't of work on roads	$253 49
By exonerations	1 45
By returned taxes	7 99
By orders redeemed and cash paid	23 21
By services as supervisor	50 00
	$336 16

JACOB STYERS, Supervisor, Dr.

To am't of road duplicate	$311 60
To am't received from Commissioners	28 85
To balance account	26 63
	$367 08

CONTRA, CR.

By am't of work on roads	$302 22
By exonerations	2 62
By returned taxes	2 50
By ,lo w and order redeemed	16 00
By services as supervisor	42 74
	$367 08

ASSETS.

Due John Blickenderfer as supervisor	$31 66
Due Jacob Stiler as supervisor	26 63
Outstanding orders issued	113 25
	$171 54

We, the undersigned auditors of Blacklick township, certify that we have examined the accounts of said township and find them as above stated.

T. S. EMPFIELD,
PETER WAGNER, } Auditors.
G. G. EMPFIELD,
Attest, G. A. MICHAELS, Clerk.

Blacklick twp., Mar. 16, 1888. 4t.

ASSIGNEE SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

The undersigned by virtue of orders issued from the Common Pleas Courts of Blair and Cambria counties, will expose to public sale at the Court House in Hollidaysburg on

Wednesday, March 28, '88,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, to wit: The undivided one-fourth interest in a certain tract of coal and timber lands situated in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., warranted in the name of Miflin Hanum, containing two hundred and twenty (220) acres more or less.

TERMS: One-half on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year with interest to be secured by mortgage or judgment bond of purchaser. J. H. SMITH,

Assignee of R. A. IRWIN.

Hollidaysburg, Feb. 29, 1888.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of William Ryan, deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. MARGARET RYAN,

Lilly, Feb. 17, 1888. Adm'x.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.

March 16, 1888 1y.

POLITICAL.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888

FOR SHERIFF.

John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

PROPOSALS.—Proposals will be received by Directors of Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county until Tuesday, April 31, 1888, for building an annex to the Almshouse for an infirmary. Specifications can be seen at the Almshouse.

BY THE DIRECTORS OF POOR.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to distribute the fund in the hands of John C. Gates, assignee of Mathias Kessler, as shown by his account, to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Saturday, March 31st, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, March 16, 1888. 3t.

NORMAL SCHOOL.

The 7th Annual Term
—OF—
THE EBENSBURG NORMAL SCHOOL,

Conducted by A. R. Read, A. M., Jno. S. Foley and Cyrus Shepherd will open in Public School Building of Ebensburg, Monday, April 16th, 1888, for a term of eleven weeks.

TUITION.

Teachers' course	$7 00
Preparatory or optional course	6 00

A liberal reduction will be made where two or more attend from the same family.

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OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.

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I. P. THOMAS & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn'a.
FOR SALE BY
W. J. ANSTEAD, Johnstown; JOSEPH A. NOEL, Ebensburg.
March 3d, 2m.

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No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

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BALTIMORE, MD.
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WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind done give the FREEMAN office a trial.

BE RIGHT TO-DAY,
THOUGH WRONG YESTERDAY.

You have been paying other Stores big prices for your Clothing. You

How to Care for Chickens.

Let me tell you how to have eggs all winter if you have young hens of any good laying breed, or rather I will tell you how I have them, and you may do likewise. We have a comfortable but very cheap hen house, packed with straw around three sides. The south side or front is left clear for a door and window made by placing four sashes containing six lights of 8x10 glass in a row. The perches are opposite the windows, and nests underneath. For feed I give the hens plenty of milk, and in freezing weather heat it before giving it to them. I keep a large stove kettle especially for the purpose, and cook all the turnip and potato peelings, and throw into it all the table scraps and scrapings of the pots and kettles. Once a day, early in the morning, I fill the kettle nearly full of milk, and after it is hot thicken it with meal or bran, whichever I have, and two or three times a week I stir into it a heaping teaspoonful of black pepper.—If I did not have milk I should use water and mix scraps of meat and lard "cracklings" with it. The hens gather around me when I take this steaming kettle of feed to them so I can scarcely get room to pour it out into their feedpans. I feed oats a good deal, but never dry. I pour over a bucket half full of oats enough milk to swell them, and let them soak several hours, generally from one feed to the next. The milk will be absorbed, and there will be no danger of the oats swelling the crop. At butchering time I boil the livers, lights and any other scraps which are left, in a large kettle out door, salting slightly, and throwing in a red pepper or two, and feed it out as I need it, two or three times a week. Of course, my hens get more or less corn, but I make it my special care to see to the milk all the time and a warm feed once a day. I have fresh eggs all winter, and when they bring 25 cents a dozen one feels well repaid for the trouble. We do not keep the hens shut up all the time, only in very cold, stormy weather, and on bright days they range on the farm.

How Men Should Act.

Young men, we want just a word with you privately. Now listen. Being leap year, you will doubtless have more or less offers of marriage from the fair sex. Of course you are not called upon to accept any of them unless you choose. When your adorer falls on her knees, and with dishevelled hair, dilating eyes, distended nostrils and clenched fists beats upon her breast bone and swears by all the stars that she loves you and you alone, don't get frightened and send for a policeman under the impression that you have a lunatic on your hands. She's not crazy. All you have to do is to sit until the paroxysm is passed, when she will subside and calmly await your decision. If you want her, frankly tell her that you have always loved her, and thank her cordially for giving you this opportunity of saying as much. If you don't want her, you should snuffle a few times, and tell her that you are awfully sorry, but your heart belongs to another, and the best you can do is to love her as a brother. If she has any kind of stuff in her she will then stand on her feet, straighten her bustle around where it belongs, coil up her hair in shape again, pin her hat on her head, crawl into her sealskin sacque, and with an expressed wish that you may be happy with whoever is fortunate to win your heart, sail out into the night, and lay plans for further campaigns. These ordeals are liable to come to you any moment, so you will do well to be always on the lookout, lest in an unguarded moment, you get frightened into making a promise that will cloud the whole course of your life.

A Phase of Married Life.

Bob Burdette puts into the mouth of a good wife words that illustrate one of the many delightful phases of married life. "Now I'll tell you," she says, "why I won't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet, I have the floor. Not half an hour before, you said to Mr. Puffer:—'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline.—When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon, you said, 'just in time, John; come take lunch with us.' And then to night, when we found the train nearly an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I accepted such an invitation."

The Way to Austria.

The system carried out in Vienna for educating girls is certainly worthy of notice. They are kept at their studies until they are 15 years of age. Then they go through a course of teaching in the pantry and the kitchen under some member of the family, or sometimes under trained cooks for a year or two years. Thus they learn to do everything themselves, and to know the value of things long before they commence housekeeping on their own account; and, though they may never be required to cook a dinner, they become independent of cooks and servants. The Austrian women are most affectionate wives and mothers. They are as accomplished and learned as any English governess, are as witty in society as a Parisian, and are some of the most beautiful women in Europe.

A PROMINENT railroad engineer is authority for the following rule by which the speed of a passenger train may be determined: "Take out your watch and observe the number of clicks made by the trucks on the ends of the rails; as many clicks as you count in 21 seconds is the number of miles per hour you are traveling."

THE man who "only weighed 95 pounds, 90 of which was backbone," is the kind of men who are needed in the world.

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THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
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The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army, and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 30 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

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clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs.

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Palpitation, dropsical swellings, weakness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1. Druggists.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed bugs, rats, mice, gophers chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

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If you are failing, dream, run out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your hair or life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Ladies who would preserve their charms and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, scald head, blotches, barber's itch, blackheads, flesh worms.

"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequalled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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Children, if you would have them grow healthy, strong and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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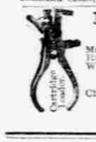

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1888.
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Ebensburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.55
Lockett,	9.07	11.20	6.05
Munster,	9.14	11.28	6.13
Noel,	9.19	11.35	6.48
Kaylor,	9.24	11.41	6.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.59
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.15

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.55	10.60	5.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.10	5.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	5.21
Noel,	7.26	10.22	5.26
Munster,	7.30	10.25	5.30
Lockett,	7.36	10.32	5.45
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	5.10

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail. A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson	9.10	5.20
Wilmore	9.28	5.33
Lawsonham	9.32	5.36
Sandusky	9.45	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.04
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.25
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.27
Pigeon City,	10.49	6.24
Coalport,	11.01	6.45
Rossbud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.50	7.40
Rossbud,	2.56	7.46
Coalport,	2.58	7.07
Pigeon,	3.08	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.16
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.08	7.35
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.52	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
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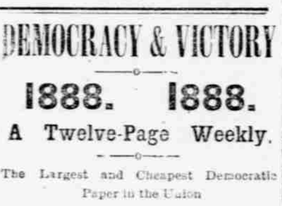

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$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.
HUGH DRISKEL,
Allegheny twp., Oct. 27, 1887. President.

SELWYN HALL READING, PENN.
A Select Preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. For circular address Rev. WM. MACKAY, A.M., Rector, or L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

Ancient Order of Snakes.

The dancing man, says the Apache *Critic*, made four circuits around the rock which stands near the center of the plaza, halting to face the chorus, where as on the day before, a song was gone through with. The snake men were formed into groups of three each, and now an individual from each groupe went into the cottonwood shade and extracted a snake from one of the bags, and, after putting it into his mouth and firmly fixing it there by the teeth, started on his round.

His companion, with an arm around his neck, kept the tail of the snake in position, while with the right in which was carried a stick with two long feathers attached, he held the serpent away from becoming entangled in the hair of his friend. The snake, after being carried around the circle, is thrown from the mouth, when the third member of the groupe gathers his snakeship up and carries him the balance of the dance, occasionally, however, giving the dancing man some to hold, which they do in rather a modest manner.

Smiles are brought upon the visages of many of the spectators at the sad plight others are put in by the serpents every once in a while making bold dashes for liberty, scattering the crowd in all directions, yet to be brought back captives and be held more securely by the singers. Two or three instances were noticed of the large bull snake being held by the neck, but throwing his long, prehensile body around the leg, thus securing himself from imaginative dangers. One instance in particular, where the snake was longer by fully two feet than the small boy who held it, and twisted itself around first one leg and then the other in such a manner that to move was to fall. The predicament of the urchin called forth a great burst of merriment. Yet it looked anything but funny to the boy. How many snakes were on hand would be hard to tell, yet serpents were plenty and seemed to be in excellent condition, to judge from the manner in which they resisted recapture after having been dropped from the mouth, but there were at least 150.

Those who danced with the snakes not infrequently had three or four at the same time in the mouth, which, of all the performances, was the most repulsive. To see a human being going the rounds with his entire face hidden behind the snakes, not a feature visible, was something to make the shudders creep up one's back, which it did. Yet there was sounds of applause from the natives gathered around, urging the dancers to attempt greater feats, such as taking two of the larger rattlers in the mouth at once, and in one instance a dancer held many snakes in his mouth, which twined around his face in a hideous mass, as if his head had been transformed into that of the fabled Gorgon.

That the performers are thoroughly doctored or medicated prior to the commencement of the ceremonies there can be no doubt. The eyes and the ecstatic bearing of the bodies attract attention at once; there is a peculiar lustre in the orbs and an elasticity in the movement of the body.

Life in the Indian Terrtory.

A gentleman who lived for years in the Indian country said yesterday that the present system is breeding a race of murderers. "As a population thickens in the States and lawabiding settlements take possession of the country, the desperadoes are driven into the Indian territory to prey upon the widely scattered victims. Added to their depredations are the acts of violence committed by the members of powerful families. They control the councils of the civilized tribes and force the more peaceful Indians to obey them implicitly. They do not hesitate to kill anybody who dares thwart their will. Feuds are more common than friendships. Laws are laughed at, and the impotence of the police is growing worse. I know a harmless white man in one of the civilized tribes, who carried his Winchester for months, even in going from his house to his store, simply because he stood in the way of some influential Indians, and was constantly in danger of assassination. The lands are not cultivated except by a few 'squawmen' and half-breeds. The majority of the Indians live poorly and idly. They quarrel over religion and politics, and that is about their only apparent interest in life. When I say religion and politics I should say over preachers and politicians. They neither know nor care anything about measures or principles. They take a fancy to this or that preacher and fight over their preferences freely. So with politics; it all turns on personal and family attributes. It is a shame that such a state of things should be allowed to continue. As for the Indians on the western reservations, they are worse yet."

Character in Ears.

I have often felt, too, that something of a man's nature could be determined by his ears—their shape and their hang, if I may put it in that way. I have noticed that wife, heavy jawed and stolid criminals, and even men of intelligence of this make up, have small ears which lie close to their heads. These men are not to be trifled with, and they only appreciate the pressure of force or of mind when they feel it. The lantern jawed and flappy eared are easily read and handled. The most desperate criminals, whether of higher or of lower order, are of the former class, while the petty thieves and men of light mental calibre are generally of the flappy eared genus. I think too, that something can be told of a person's nature by his gait of walking. I do not know that much can be determined by the carriage of the head, just the same as the jockey or horse fancier tells the nature and spirit of a horse by head poise.

THE difference between a country and a city greenhorn is that one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

A Six Acre Farm.

Some think six acres is to small a quantity of land to be honored with the name of farm, but a correspondent of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* in describing the six acre homestead of Mr. Horace Eaton, living near Quincy, Mass., says that whether it is right or not to call it a farm, one thing is certain—Mr. Eaton raises more off his six acres than do some of his neighbors off their two or three hundred acre farms. He keeps four, and some times five cows, two horses, a number of hogs, and a large lot of poultry. He does not raise enough hay and grain to carry his stock through the year, but as he sells his milch cows in the summer, and raises roots and green fodder ensilage for them in winter, he has very little provender to buy, and the quality of his butter is such as to bring him sixty cents a pound the whole year around, the richness of his milk too, telling the care taken and quality of his cows. Fruit is his specialty, he sending some of the finest specimens to the Boston market, as well as taking a number of prizes at the annual exhibitions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He raises strawberries in great variety, and ships numbers of his plants to various parts of the country. He practices severe pruning of his vines and a rigid thinning of his fruit trees, believing it is the only way to obtain the most superior fruit. His land is low but thoroughly underdrained, every inch of it being made to count. His barn is a model one and supplied with all the modern conveniences. He keeps one man the whole year round, and another man during the working season. About one acre of his estate is occupied with buildings, among which stands one of the most elegant mansions in the town or suburbs of Quincy, front of which there is neither hedge, wall or fence to mar the view. Here is a merchant farmer, doing a million or more business in Boston, and yet can find time to go out to his little farm every day; reaching their by six o'clock in the evening between which time and the starting of the 7:30 A. M. train for Boston the next morning he directs all the operations on the farm, raises better crops than any of his neighbors, besides supplying his own table with the choicest of vegetables and sending wagon loads to the city markets. A man with such energy is bound to make farming pay, even though his farm may contain but six acres.

A Mixed Train.

On some of the western roads they attach a passenger car to a freight train and call in 'mixed.' It isn't in the order of such things that such trains should travel very rapidly, and sometimes there is considerable growling among the 'traffic.'

'Are we most there, conductor?' asked a nervous man for the hundredth time. 'Remember, my wife is sick, and I'm anxious.'

'We'll get there on time,' replied the conductor stolidly.

Half an hour later the nervous man approached him again.

'I guess she's dead now,' said he mournfully, 'but I'd give you a little something extra if you'd manage to catch up with the funeral. Maybe she won't be so decomposed but what I would recognize her.'

The conductor growled at him and the man subsided.

'Conductor,' said he after an hour's silence, 'Conductor, if the wind isn't dead ahead, I wish you would put on some more steam. I'd like to see where my wife is buried before the tombstone crumbles to pieces. Put yourself in my place for a moment!'

The conductor shook him off, and the man relapsed into a profound melancholy.

'I say, conductor, I've got a note coming due in three months. Can't you fix it to rattle along a little?,

'If you come near me again I'll knock you down!' snorted the conductor savagely.

The nervous man regarded him sadly and went to his seat. Two hours later the conductor saw him chatting gayly and laughing heartily with a brother victim, and approached him.

'Don't feel so badly about your wife's death?'

'Time heals all wounds,' sighed the nervous man.

'And you are not so particular about the note,' sneered the conductor.

'Not now. That's all right. Don't worry. I've been figuring up, and I find the note has been outlawed since I spoke to you last.'

Celebrated Smokers.

Jackson was an inveterate smoker. Grant used to smoke fifteen cigars a day. Leopold Morse of Boston always has a cigar in his mouth, and Vice-President Colfax smoked daily his fifteen cigars. David Davis smoked all his life. Senator Kenna is a great smoker, Senator Conger smokes three cigars daily and Allison is by no means averse to a good cigar. The Prince of Wales smokes cigars and it is said that Gladstone smokes a pipe. Edwin Booth is a pipe-smoker and Tennyson, Thackeray and Bulwer were always fond of the weed. Charles Lamb is said to have used very poor tobacco, and Isaac Newton lost his sweetheart through his absentmindedness in using his fingers as a tobacco stopper. Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Congreve were addicted to snuff, and Frederick the Great had a snuff pocket made in his vest to satisfy his cravings. Gibbon the historian, was a confirmed snuff taker, and Byron sang the praises of tobacco. Milton, Locke, Raleigh, Izaak Walton, Addison, Steele, Robert Burns and Walter Scott all used tobacco, and Prescott was very fond of smoking. It injured his health, however, and when his physician limited him to one cigar a day he ran all over Paris to buy the biggest one he could find.

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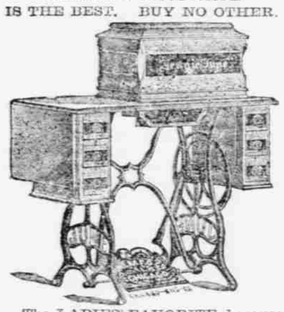

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Do not be in a hurry to get rich. Gradual gains are the only natural gains.

Never take great hazzards, for they are seldom well balanced by the prospects of profit.

It is not the business that elevates the man, but the man who elevates the business.

A thoroughly honest clerk can always command a better salary than one of equivocal habits.

The foundation for wealth and fortune is good health, good habits, care, industry and honesty.

When business is attend with minuteness, of detail, strict punctuality, it runs evenly, without jar or friction.

The man who has not one half of his stock paid for is an unsafe customer, provided he has no other available means.

He who has traded out his neighbor's good opinion is pretty sure to die a poor man, however high the price for which he sold it.

Stick to your business. Let speculators make their thousands in a day. Your increase may be slow, but it is sure and safe.

The honorable merchant who infuses energy, ability, honesty, and good sense in his business with moderate capital, invariably succeeds.

It is statistical truth that no single cause leads to more disasters than the use of liquors, and not necessarily through drunkenness, but the enfeebling of the judgment.

In dress be neat and unobtrusive. The perfection of dress is to be so perfectly in keeping with your occupation that the attention of an observer is not directed to it at all.

Vainly shall a man hope to live and thrive by buying and selling after his neighbors; his customers have learned by sad experience that his word is not reliable, that his representations of the cost or quality of his wares are not to be trusted.

Fuming and fretting in and around a store, finding fault with clerks and employes, denotes a lack of order and business tact and exposes the merchant to ridicule and unpleasant comments from those from whom he should have respect and confidence.

When trade is dull use every legitimate means to improve it. Some merchants stop advertising when trade is slow. This is just the time it is most needed.

Saved by a Sausage.

While a lady who lives in Milton, Pa., was returning from a shopping expedition the other day, says the Milton *Argus*, she noticed a man following her, and when she had passed Upper Market street he hurriedly passed, but instantly turned and confronted her in a threatening manner. It was dark, and she had a heavy basket in her hand on the top of which lay a piece of bologna sausage. Acting on a sudden impulse the lady grasped the sausage, pointing it at the fellow and saying, "You scoundrel, if you touch me I'll shoot you." As if really shot at the would-be highwayman sprang into the street and ran across the lots towards the reservoir with a speed that soon lost him to sight. The lady says she has more faith in bologna than in a revolver to scare a cowardly thief.

Not Learned in College.

How many College graduates can tell what kind of native timber will bear the heaviest burden, or why you take white oak for one part of a wagon and ash for another, and what timber will last longer under water and what out of water? How many know sandstone or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the faster—the top of a wheel or the bottom—as the w